POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Let them cenſure, what care I?
The Herd of Critics I defy.
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young,
Govern the Numbers of my Song:
All that they approve is ſweet,
And all is Senſe that they repeat.

PRIOR from ANACREON.

VOLUME II.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by and for W. DARLING, Advocates Cloſe.
M. DCC. LXXX.

THE

CONTENTS.

SONGS.

THE NUPTIALS, A Masque *.

On the Marriage of his Grace JAMES Duke of HAMILTON and BRANDON, &c.

CALLIOPE, *playing upon a Violencello, sings,*

JOY to the bridegroom, prince of Clyde,
Lang may his bliss and greatness blossom;
Joy to his virtuous charming bride,
Who gains this day his Grace's bosom.

Appear, great Genius of his line,
And bear a part in the rejoicing;
Behold your ward, by pow'rs divine,
Join'd with a mate of their ain choosing.

---

* An unknown ingenious friend did me the honour of the following introduction to the London edition of this Masque: and being a Poet, my vanity will be pardoned for inserting of it here.

'The present Poem being a revival of a good old 'form of poetry, in high repute with us, it may not 'be amiss to say something of a diversion once so a-'greeable, and so long interrupted, or disused. The 'original of Masques seems to be an imitation of the 'interludes of the ancients, presented on occasion of 'some ceremony preformed in a great and noble 'family. The actors in this kind of half-dramatic 'poetry have formerly been even kings, princes, and 'the first personages of the kingdom; and in private 'families, the noblest and nearest branches. The 'machinery was of the greatest magnificence; very 'shewy, costly, and not uncommonly contrived by 'the ablest architects, as well as the best poets. Thus 'we see in Ben Johnson the name of Inigo Jones, and

Forſake a while the Cyprian ſcene,
Fair queen of ſmiles and ſaft embraces,
And hither come, with a' your train
Of beauties, loves, and ſports, and graces.

Come, Hymen, bleſs their nuptial vow,
And them with mutual joys inſpire.
Deſcend, Minerva; for 'tis you
With virtue beats the haly fire.

At the cloſe of this ſong enters the Genius of the family, clad in a ſcarlet robe, with a Duke's coronet on his head, a ſhield on his left arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.

GENIUS.

Fair miſtreſs of harmonious ſounds, we hear
Thy invitation grateſu' to the ear

'the ſame in Carew; whether as the modeller only, 'or as poet in conjunction with them, ſeems to be 'doubtful, there being nothing of our Engliſh Vi-'truvius left (that I know of) that places him in the 'claſs of writers. Theſe ſhews we trace backwards 'as far as Henry VIII. from thence to Queen Eliz. and 'her ſucceſſor King James, who was both a great 'encourager and admirer of them. The laſt Maſque 'and the beſt ever written, was that of Milton, pre-'ſented at Ludlow Caſtle, in the praiſe of which no 'words can be too many: and I remember to have 'heard the late excellent Mr Addiſon agree with me 'in that opinion. Coronations, princely nuptials, 'public feaſts, the entertainment of foreign quality, 'were the uſual occaſions of this performance, and 'the beſt poet of the age was courted to be the author. 'Mr Ramſay has made a noble and ſucceſsful attempt 'to revive this kind of poeſy, on a late celebrated 'account. And though he is often to be admired 'in all his writings, yet, I think, never more than in 'his preſent compoſition. A particular friend gave 'it a ſecond edition in England, which, I fancy, the 'public will agree that it deſerved.'

Of a' the gods, who from th' Olympian height
Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight,
Jove keeps this day in his imperial dome,
And I to lead th' invited guests am come.

Enter Venus *attended by three Graces, with* Minerva *and* Hymen, *all in their proper dresses.*

CALLIOPE.

Welcome, ye bright divinities, that guard
The brave and fair, and faithfu' love reward;
All hail, immortal progeny of Jove,
Who plaint, preserve, and prosper sacred love.

GENIUS.

Be still auspicious to th' united pair,
And let their purest pleasures be your care;
Your stores of genial blessings here employ,
To crown th' illustrious Youth and Fair ane's joy.

VENUS.

I'll breathe eternal sweets in ev'ry air;
He shall look always great, SHE ever fair;
Kind rays shall mix the sparkles of his eye,
Round her the loves in smiling crouds shall fly,
And bear frae ilka glance, on downy wings,
Into his ravish'd heart the saftest things;
And soon as Hymen has perform'd his rites,
I'll shower on them my hale Idalian sweets;
They shall possess,
In each caress,
Delights shall tire
The muse's fire,
In highest numbers to express.

HYMEN.

I'll busk their bow'r, and lay them gently down,
Syne ilka langing wish with raptures crown;
The gloomy nights shall ne'er unwelcome prove,
That leads them to the silent scenes of love.
The sun at morn shall dart his kindest rays,
To chear and animate each dear embrace:
Fond of the Fair, he falds her in his arms;
She blushes secret, conscious of her charms.

Rejoice, brave youth,
In ſic a ſouth
Of joys the gods for thee provide;
The roſy dawn,
The flow'ry lawn,
That ſpring has dreſs'd in a' its pride,
Claim no regard
When they're compar'd
With blooming beauties of thy bride.

MINERVA.

Faireſt of a' the goddeſſes, and thou
That links the lovers to be ever true,
The gods and mortals awn your mighty power,
But 'tis not you can make their ſweets ſecure;
That be my taſk, to make a friendſhip riſe,
Shall raiſe their loves aboon the vulgar ſize.
Thoſe near related to the brutal kind,
Ken nathing of the wedlock of the mind;
'Tis I can make a life a hinny moon,
And mould a love ſhall laſt like that aboon.
A' theſe ſma' ſprings, whence cauld reſerve and ſpleen
Take their firſt riſe, and favour'd flow mair keen,
I ſhall diſcover in a proper view,
To keep their joys unmix'd, and ever new.
Nor jealouſy, nor envious mouth,
Shall dare to blaſt their love;
But wiſdom, conſtancy, and truth,
Shall every bleſs improve.

GENIUS.

Thrice happy chief, ſo much the care
Of a' the family of Jove,
A thouſand bleſſings wait the fair,
Who is found worthy of his love.
Lang may the fair attractions of her mind
Make her ſtill lovelier, him for ever kind.

MINERVA.

The anceſtors of mightieſt chief, and kings,
Nae higher can derive than human ſprings;
Yet frae the common ſoil each wond'rous root,
Aloft to heav'n their ſpreading branches ſhoot:

Bauld in my aid, these triumph'd over fate,
Fam'd for unbounded thought, or stern debate,
Born high upon an undertaking mind,
Superior raise, and left the croud behind.

GENIUS.

Frae these descending, laurell'd with renown,
My charge thro' ages draws his lineage down.
The paths of sic forbeers lang may he trace,
And she be mother to as fam'd a race.
When blue diseases fill the drumly air,
And red het bowts thro' slaughts of lightning rair,
Or madning factions shake the sanguine sword,
With watchfu' eye I'll tent my darling lord
And his lov'd mate—tho' furies shou'd break loose,
Awake or sleeping, shall enjoy repose.

I. GRACE.

While gods keep haly-day, and mortals smile,
Let nature with delights adorn the isle:
Be hush, bauld North, Favonius only blaw,
And cease, bleak clouds, to shed, or weet, or snaw;
Shine bright thou radiant ruler of the year,
And gar the spring with earlier pride appear.

II. GRACE.

Thy mouth, great Queen of goddesses, make gay,
Which gains new honours frae this marriage day.
On Glotta's banks, ye healthfu' hynds, resort,
And with the landart lasses blythly sport.

III. GRACE.

Wear your best faces and your Sunday's weeds,
And rouse the dance with your maist tunefu' reeds;
Let tunefu' voices join the rural sound,
And wake responsive echo all around.

I. GRACE.

Sing your great master, Scotia's eldest son,
And the lov'd angel that his heart has won:
Come, sisters, let's frae art's hale stores collect
Whatever can her native beauties deck,
That in the day she may eclipse the light,
And ding the constellations of the night.

VENUS.

Ceaſe, buſy maids, your artfu' buſkings raiſe
But ſmall addition to her genuine rays;
Tho' ilka plain and ilka ſea combine
To make her with their richeſt product ſhine,
Her lip, her boſom, and her ſparkling een,
Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond ſheen:
Theſe leſſer ornaments, illuſtrious bride,
As bars to ſafter bleſſings, fling aſide;
Steal frae them ſweetly to your nuptial bed,
As frae its body ſlides the fainted ſhade;
Frae loath'd reſtraint to liberty above,
Where all is harmony, and all is love;
Haſte to theſe bleſſings—kiſs the night away,
And make it ten times pleaſanter than day.

HYMEN.

The whiſper and careſs ſhall ſhorten hours,
While kindly as the beams on dewy flowers,
Thy Sun, like him who the freſh bevrage ſips,
Shall feaſt upon the ſweetneſs of thy lips:
My haly hand maun chaſtly now unloofe
That zone which a' thy virgin charms encloſe:
That zone ſhou'd be leſs gratefu' to the fair
Than eaſy bands of ſafter wedlock are;
That lang unbuckled grows a hatefu' thing,
The langer *theſe* are bound, the mair of honour bring.

MINERVA.

Yes, happy pair, whate'er the gods inſpire,
Purſue, and gratify each juſt deſire:
Enjoy your paſſions, with full tranſports mixt,
But ſtill obſerve the bounds by virtue fixt.

Enter BACCHUS.

What brings Minerva here this rantin night?
She's good for naething but to preach or fight;
Is this a time for either?——Iwith away,
Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay.

MINERVA.

Peace, Theban Roarer, while the milder pow'rs
Give entertainment, there's nae need of yours;

The pure reflection of our calmer joys
Has mair of heaven than a' thy flashy noise.

BACCHUS.

Ye canna want it, faith! you that appear
Anes at a bridal but in twenty year:
A ferley 'tis your dortiship to see,
But where was e'er a wedding without me?
Blue E'en, remember, I'm baith hap and saul
To Venus there; but me, she'd starve o' cauld.

VENUS.

We awn the truth—Minerva, cease to check
Our jolly brother with your disrespect;
He's never absent at the treats of Jove,
And shou'd be present at this feast of love.

GENIUS.

Maist welcome pow'r, that chears the vital streams,
When Pallas guards thee frae the wild extremes;
Thy rosy visage at these solemn rites,
My generous charge with open smiling greets.

BACCHUS.

I'm nae great dab at speeches that maun clink,
But there's my paw I shall fou tightly drink
A hearty health to thir same lovely *twa*,
That are sae meikle dauted by you a':
Then with my juice a reeming biquor crown.
I'll gi'e the toast, and see it fairly round.

Enter GANYMED. *with a flagon in one hand, and a glass in the other——Speaks.*

To you blyth beings the benign director
Of gods and men—to keep your sauls in tift—
Has sent you here a present of his nectar,
As good as e'er was brown aboon the lift.

BACCHUS.

Ha, Gany, come, my dainty boy,
Skink't up, and let us prieve;

Without it life wad be a toy:
Here, gi'e me't in my nive.
[*Takes the glass.*
Good health to Hamilton, and his
Lov'd mate—O father Jove, we crave
Thou'lt grant them a lang tack of bliss,
and rowth of bonny bairns and brave.
Pour on them, frae thy endless store,
A' bennisons that are divine,
With as good will as I waught o'er
This flowing glass of heav'nly wine.

[*Drinks, and causes all the company to drink round.*
Come see't about, and syne let's all advance,
Mortals and gods be paire, and tak a dance;
Minerva mim, for a' your mortals stoor:
Ye shall with billy Bacchus sit the floor:
Play up there, lassie, some blyth Scottish tune,
Syne a' be blyth, when wine and wit gae round.

The health about, music and dancing begin—The dancing over before her Grace retires with the ladies to be undressed CALLIOPE *sings the*

EPITHALAMIUM.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love,
which shining sauls impart
It to perfection mounts above,
And glows about the heart.
It is the flame gives lasting worth,
To greatness, beauty, wealth, and birth—
On you illustrious youthfu' pair,
Who are high heaven's delight and care.
The blisfu' beam darts warm and fair,
And shall improve the rest
Of a' these gifts baith great and rare
Of which ye are possest.
Bacchus bear off your dinsome gang,
Hark, frae yon howms the rural thrang
Invite you now away;

While ilka hynd,
And maiden kind,
Dance in a ring,
While ſhepherds ſing
In honour of the day;
Gae drink and dance
'Till morn advance,
And ſet the twinkling fires,
While we prepare
To lead the fair
And brave to their deſires.
Gae, Loves and Graces, take your place,
Around the nuptial bed abide;
Fair Venus heighten each embrace,
And ſmoothly make their minutes ſlide:
Gae, Hymen, put the couch in caſe,
Minerva, thither lead the bride;
Neiſt, all attend his youthfu' Grace,
And lay him ſweetly by her ſide.

ODE *on the* MARRIAGE *of the Right Honourable* GEORGE Lord RAMSAY *and* Lady JEAN MAULE.

HAIL to the brave apparent chief,
Boaſt of the Ramſays claniſh name,
Whaſe anceſtors ſtood the relief
Of Scotland, ages known to fame.

Hail to the lovely ſhe, whoſe charms,
Complete in graces, meets his love;
Adorn'd with all that greatneſs warms,
And makes him grateful bow to Jove.

Both from the line of patriots riſe
Chiefs of Dalhouſie and Panmure,
Whoſe loyal fames ſhall ſtains deſpiſe,
While ocean flows and orbs endure.

The Ramſays! Caledonia's prop;
The Maules! ſtruck ſtill her foes with dread;

Now join'd, we from the union hope
  A race of heroes ſhall ſucceed.

Let meaner ſouls tranſgreſs the rules
  That's fix'd by honour, love, and truth,
While little views proclaim them fools,
  Unworthy beauty, ſenſe, and youth;

Whilſt you, bleſt pair, belov'd by all
  The powers above, and bleſt below,
Shall have delights attend your call,
  And laſting pleaſures on you flow.

What fate his fix'd, and love has done,
  The guardians of mankind approve:
Well may they finiſh what's begun,
  And from your joys all cares remove.

We wiſh'd—when ſtraight a heavenly voice
  Inſpir'd—we hear! the blue-ey'd Maid
Cry, 'Who dare quarrel with the choice?
  'The choice is mine, be mine their aid.'

Be thine their aid, O wiſeſt power,
  And ſoon again we hope to ſee
Their plains return, ſplendid their tower,
  And bloſſom broad the * Edgewell-Tree.

Whilſt he with manly merits ſtor'd,
  Shall riſe the glory of his clan;
She for celeſtial ſweets ador'd,
  Shall ever charm the graceful' man.

Soon may their † Royal Bird extend
  His ſable plumes, and lordſhips claim,
Which to his valiant ſires pertain'd,
  Ere earls in Albion were a name.

---

* See note, page 156. vol. 1ſt.

† The Spread Eagle ſable, or a field argent, in the arms of the Earl of Dalhouſie.

Ye parents of the happy pair,
With gen'rous ſmiles conſenting, own
That they deſerve your kindeſt care:
Thus with the gods their pleaſure crown.

Haſte, ev'ry Grace, each love and Smile,
From fragrant Cyprus ſpread the wing;
To deck their couch, exhauſt your iſle
Of all the beauties of the ſpring.

On them attend with homage due,
In him are Mars and Phoebus ſeen;
And in the noble nymph you'll view
The ſage Minerva and your Queen.

ODE *on the* Birth *of the Moſt Honourable* Marquis *of* DUMLANRIG.

HELP me, ſome god, with ſic a muſe
As Pope and Granvile aft employ,
That I may flowing numbers chuſe,
To hail the welcome princely boy.

But, bred up far frae ſhining courts,
In moorland glens, where nought I ſee,
But now and then ſome lardart laſs,
What ſounds polite can flow frae me?

Yet my blyth laſs, amang the lave,
With honeſt heart her homage pays;
Tho' no ſae nice ſhe can behave,
Yet always as ſhe thinks ſhe ſays.

Ariſe, ye nymphs, on Nytha's plains,
And gar the craigs and mountains ring;
Rouſe up the ſauls of a' the ſwains,
While you the lovely infant ſing.

Keep haly-day on ilka howm,
With gowan garlands gird your brows;
Out o'er the dales in dances roam,
And ſhout around the jovial news.

By the good bennison of heaven,
  To free you frae the future fright
Of foreign lords, a babe is aiven,
  To guard your int'rest and your right.

With pleasure view your prince, who late
  Up to the state of manhood run,
Now, to complete his happy fate,
  Sees his ain image in a son.

A son, for whom be this your pray'r,
  Ilk morning soon as dawn appears,
God grant him an unmeasur'd skair
  Of a' that grac'd his great forbeers.

Than his great sire may live to see,
  Frae his delightfu' infant spring,
A wise and stalwart progeny,
  To fence their country and their king.

Still bless her Grace frae whom he sprung,
  With blythsome heal her strength renew,
That throw lang life she may be young,
  And bring forth cautioners enow.

Watch well, ye tenants of the air,
  Wha hover round our heads unseen;
Let dear Dumlanrig be your care,
  Or when he lifts or steeks his een.

Ye hardy Heroes, whase brave pains
  Defeated ay th' invading rout,
Forsake a wee th' Elysian plains,
  View, smile, and bless your lovely sprout.

Ye fair, wha've kend the joys of love,
  And glow with chearfu' heal and youth,
Sic as of auld might nurse a Jove,
  Or lay the breast t' Alcides mouth;

The best and bonniest of ye a'
  Take the sweet babie in your arms:
May he nought frae your bosom draw,
  But nectar to nurse up his charms.

Harmoniouſly the notes expreſs,
When ſinging you his dumps debar,
That diſcord never may impreſs
Upon his blooming mind a jar.

Sound a' the Poet in his ears,
E'en while he's hanging at the breaſt:
Thus moulded when he comes to years,
With an exalted guſt he'll feaſt.

On lays immortal, which forbid
The death of Douglas' doughty name,
Or in oblivion let lye hid
The Hydes their beauty and their fame.

Epiſtle *to* Mr JOHN GAY, Author *of the* Shepherd's Week, *on hearing her grace the* Dutcheſs *of* QUEENSBERRY *commend ſome of his* Poems.

DEAR lad, wha linkan o'er the lee,
Sang Blowzalind and Bowzybee,
And, like the lavrock, merrily
Wak'd up the morn,
When thou didſt tune, with heartſome glee,
Thy bog-teed-horn.

To thee frae edge of Pentland height,
Where fawns and faires take delight,
And revel a' the live lang night,
O'er glens and braes,
A bard that has the ſecond ſight
Thy fortune ſpaes.

Now lend thy lug, and tent me, Gay,
Thy fate appears like flow'rs in May,
Freſh, flouriſhing, and laſting ay,
Firm as the aik,
Which envious winds, when critics bray,
Shall never ſhake.

Come ſhaw your loof—Ay there's the line
Foretells thy verſe ſhall ever ſhine,
Dawted whilſt living by the Nine,
And a' the beſt,
And be, when paſt the mortal line,
Of fame poſſeſt.

Immortal Pope, and ſkilfu' John,
The learned Leach frae Callidone,
With mony a witty dame and don,
O'er lang to name,
Are of your roundels very fon,
And ſound your fame.

And ſae do I, wha rooſe but few,
Which nae ſma' favour is to you;
For to my friends I ſtand right true,
With ſhanks a ſpar;
And my good word (ne'er gi'en but due)
Gangs unko far.

Here mettled men my muſe maintain,
And ilka beauty is my friend:
Which keeps me canty, briſk, and bein,
Ilk wheeling hour,
And a ſworn fae to hateſu' ſpleen,
And a' that's ſour.

But bide ye, boy, the main's to ſay,
Clarinda bright as riſing day,
Divinely bonny, great and gay,
Of thinking even,
Whaſe words, and looks, and ſmiles diſplay,
Full views of heaven.

To rummage nature for what's braw,
Like lilies, roſes, gems, and ſnaw,
Compar'd with her's, their luſtre fa',
And bauchly tell
Her beauties; ſhe excels them a',
And's like her ſell.

As fair a form as e'er was bleſt,
To have an angel for a gueſt;
Happy the prince who is poſſeſt
Of ſic a prize,
Whoſe vertues place her with the beſt
Beneath the ſkies.

O ſonſy Gay! this heavenly born,
Whom ev'ry grace ſtrives to adorn,
Looks not upon thy lays with ſcorn;
Then bend thy knees,
And bleſs the day that ye was born
With arts to pleaſe.

She ſays thy ſonnet ſmoothly ſings,
Sae ye may craw and clap your wings,
And ſmile at ether-capit ſtrings
With careleſs pride,
When ſae much wit and beauty brings
Strength to your ſide.

Lilt up your pipes, and riſe aboon
Your Trivia and your Moorland tune,
And ſing Clarinda late and ſoon,
In touring ſtrains,
Till gratefu' g ds cry out, Well done,
And praiſe thy pains.

Exalt thy voice, that all around
May echo back the lovely ſound
Frae Dover cliffs, with ſamphire crown'd,
To Thule's ſhore,
Where northward no more Britain's found,
But ſeas that rore.

Thus ſing—whilſt I frae Arthur's height,
O'er Chiviot glowr with tired ſight,
And langing wiſh, like raving wight,
To be ſet down,
Frae coach and ſax, baith trim and tight,
In London town.

But lang I'll gove and bleer my ee,
Before, alake! that ſight I ſee;
Then, beſt relief, I'll ſtrive to be
Quiet and content,
And ſtreek my limbs down eaſylie
Upon the bent.

There ſing the gowans, broom, and trees,
The cryſtal burn and weſtlin breeze,
The bleeting flocks and biſy bees,
And blythſome ſwains,
Wha rant and dance, with kiltit dees,
O'er moſſy plains.

Farewell—but e'er we part, let's pray,
God ſave Clarinda night and day,
And grant her a' ſhe'd wiſh to ha'e.
Withoutten end!—
Nae mair at preſent I've to ſay,
But am your friend.

Ode *to the Right Honourable* Grace Counteſs *of* Aboyn, *on her* Marriage-day.

IN martial fields the hero toils,
And wades throw blood to purchaſe fame;
O'er deadful waves, from diſtant ſoils,
The merchant brings his treaſures hame.

But fame and wealth no joys beſtow,
If plac'd alane the cyphers ſtand;
'Tis to the figure Love they owe
The real joys that they command.

Bleſt he who love and beauty gains,
Gains what conteſting kings might claim,
Might bring brave armies to the plains,
And loudly ſwell the blaſt of fame.

How happy then is young Aboyn!
Of how much heaven is he poſſeſt!

How much the care of pow'rs divine.
  Who lies in lovely Lockhart's breaſt!

Gazing in raptures on thy charms,
  Thy ſparkling beauty, ſhape, and youth,
He graſps all ſoftneſs in his arms,
  And ſips the nectar from thy mouth.

If ſympathetic likeneſs crave
  Indulgent parents to be kind,
Each pow'r ſhall guard the charm they gave,
  Venus thy face, Pallas thy mind.

O muſe, we could—but ſtay thy flight;
  The field is ſacred as 'tis ſweet:
Who dares to paint the ardent night,
  When raviſh'd youth and beauty meet?

Here we muſt draw a veil between,
  And ſhade thoſe joys too dazling clear,
By ev'ry eye not to be ſeen,
  Not to be heard by ev'ry ear.

Still in her ſmiles, ye Cupids, play;
  Still in her eyes your revels keep;
Her pleaſure be your care by day,
  And whiſper ſweetneſs in her ſleep.

Be baniſh'd each ill-natur'd care,
  Baſe offspring of fantaſtic ſpleen;
Of acceſs here you muſt deſpair,
  Her breaſt for you is too ſerene.

May guardian angels hover round
  Thy head, and ward aff all annoy;
Be all thy days with raptures crown'd,
  And all thy nights be bleſt with joy.

* *

EPIGRAM.

MINERVA wand'ring in a myrtle grove,
Accoſted thus the ſmiling Queen of L

Revenge yourſelf, you've cauſe to be afraid,
Your boaſted pow'r yields to a Britiſh maid:
She ſeems a goddeſs, all her graces ſhine;
Love leads her beauty, which eclipſes thine.
Each youth, I know (ſays Venus) thinks ſhe's me;
Immediately ſhe ſpeaks, they think ſhe's thee:
Good Pallas, thus you're foil'd as well as I.
Ha, ha! (cries Cupid,) that's my Mally Sleigh.

* * *

On the Marriage *of* ALEXANDER BRODIE *of* Brodie, *Lord Lyon King of Arms, and Mrs* MARY SLEIGH.

WHEN time was young, and innocence,
With tender love govern'd this round,
No mean deſign to give offence
To conſtancy and truth was found;
All free from fraud, upon the flow'ry ſward,
Lovers careſt with fond and chaſte regard.

From eaſy labours of the day
Each pair to leafy bowers retir'd;
Contentment kept them ever gay,
While kind connubial ſweets conſpir'd,
With ſmiling quiet and balmy health throu' life,
To make the happy huſband and the wife.

Our modern wits in wiſdom leſs,
With ſpirits weak, and wavering minds,
Void of reſolve, poorly confeſs,
They cannot reliſh aught that binds.
Let libertines of taſte ſae wond'rous nice,
Deſpiſe to be confin'd in paradiſe.

While Brodie with his beauteous Sleigh,
On pureſt love can ſafely feaſt,
Quaff raptures from her ſparkling eye,
And judge of heaven within her breaſt:
No dubious cloud to gloom upon his joy;
Poſſeſſing of what's good can never cloy.

Her beauty might for ever warm,
Altho' her ſoul were leſs divine,
The brightneſs of her mind could charm,
Did leſs her graceful beauties ſhine:
But both united, with full force inſpire,
The warmeſt wiſh, and the moſt laſting fire.

In your accompliſh'd mate, young Thane,
Without reſerve ye may rejoice;
The heavens your happineſs ſuſtain,
And all that think, admire your choice.
Around your treaſure circling arms entwine,
Be all thy pleaſure her's, and her's be thine.

Rejoice, dear Mary, in thy youth,
The firſt of his brave ancient clan,
Whoſe ſoul delights in love and truth,
And view'd in every light a man,
To whom the fates with liberal hand have given
Good ſenſe, true honour, and a temper even.

When love and reaſon thus unite
An equal pair in ſacred ties,
They gain the human bliſs complete,
And approbation from the ſkies,
Since you approve, kind Heaven, upon them pour
The beſt of bleſſings to their lateſt hour.

To you who rule above the ſun,
To you who fly in fluid air,
We leave to finiſh what's begun,
Still to reward and watch the Pair.
Thus far the muſe, who did an anſwer wait,
And heard the gods name happineſs their fate.

To JOSIAH BURCHET, *Eſq; on his being choſen* Member *of* Parliament.

MY Burchet's name! well pleas'd, I ſaw
Amang the choſen leet,

Wha are to give Britannia law,
And keep her rights complete.

O may the reſt wha fill the houſe
Be of a mind with thee,
And Britiſh liberty eſpouſe;
We glorious days may ſee.

The name of Patriot is mair great
Than hea; • of ill-win gear;
What boots an opulent eſtate,
Without a conſcience clear?

While ſneaking ſauls for caſh wad troke
Their country, God, and king,
With pleaſure we the villain mock,
And hate the worthleſs thing.

With a' your pith, the like of you
Superior to what's mean,
Shou'd gar the trockling rogues look blue,
And cow them laigh and clean.

Down with them—down with a' that dare
Oppoſe the nation's right;
Sae may your fame, like a fair ſtar,
Throu' future times ſhine bright.

Sae may kind Heaven propitious prove,
And grant what-e'er ye crave;
And him a corner in your love,
Wha is your humble ſlave.

The GENERAL MISTAKE: *A* Satire. *Inſcribed to the Right Honourable Lord* ERSKINE.

THE finiſh'd mind in all its movements bright,
Surveys the ſelf-made ſumph in proper light,
Allows for native weakneſs, but diſdains
Him who the character with labour gains;

Permit me then, my Lord (ſince you ariſe
With a clear ſaul aboon the common ſize)
To place the following ſketches in your view;
The warld will like me, if I'm roos'd by you.
Is there a fool, frae Senator to Swain?
Take ilk ane's verdict for himſelf,—there's nane.
A thouſand other wants make thouſands fret,
But nane for want of Wiſdom quarrels fate.
Alas! how gen'ral proves the great miſtake,
When others, throu' their neighbours failings rake?
Detraction then, by ſpite, is borne too far,
And repreſents men warſe than what they are.
Come then, Impartial Satire, fill the ſtage
With fools of ilka ſtation ſex and age;
Point out the folly, hide the perſon's name,
Since obduration follows public ſhame:
Silent conviction calmly can reform,
While open ſcandal rages to a ſtorm.
Proceed, but in the liſt, poor things forbear,
Who only in the human form appear,
Scarce animated with that heav'nly fire
Which makes the ſoul with boundleſs thoughts aſpire;
Such move our pity,—nature is to blame—
'Tis fools, in ſome things wiſe, that ſatire claim;
Such as Nugator, mark his ſolemn mien,
Stay'd are his features, ſcarcely more his een.
Which deep beneath his knotted eye-brows ſink,
And he appears as ane wad gueſs to think:
Even ſae he does, and can exactly ſhaw
How mony beans make five, take three awa!
Deep read in Latin folios, four inch thick,
He probs your crabit points into the quick;
Delights in dubious things to give advice,
Admires your judgment, if you think him wiſe:
And ſtifly ſtands by what he anes thought right,
Altho' oppos'd with reaſon's cleareſt light.
On him ilk argument is thrown away,
Speak what you will, he tents not what you ſay:
He hears himſell, and currently runs o'er
All on the ſubject he has ſaid before:

Till glad to eaſe his jaws and tired tongue,
Th' opponent reſts.—Nugator thinks him dung.
Thou ſolemn trifler,—ken thou art deſpis'd,
Thy ſtiff pretence to wiſdom, naething priz'd
By ſic as can their notions fauſe decline,
When truth darts on them with convicting ſhine.
How hateful's dull opinion! prop'd with words,
That nought to any ane of ſenſe affords,
But tireſome jargon.—Learn to laugh, at leaſt,
That part of what thou ſays may paſs for jeſt.
Now turn your eye to ſmooth Chicander next,
In whom good ſenſe ſeems with good humour mixt;
But only ſeems:—for envy, malice, guile,
And ſic baſe vices, croud behind his ſmile,
Nor can his thoughts beyond mean quirks extend,
He thinks a trick nae crime that gains his end;
A crime? no, 'tis his brag; he names it WIT,
And triumphs o'er a better man he'as bit.
Think ſhame, Chicander, of your creeping flights,
True wiſdom in ſincerity delights;
The ſamphiſh mob of penetration ſhawl,
May gape and ferly at your cunning ſaul,
And make ye fancy that there is deſert
In thus employing a' your ſneaking art.
But do not think that men of clearer ſenſe
Will e'er admit of ſic a vile pretence,
To that which dignifies the human mind
And acts in honour with the bright and blind.
Reverſe of this fauſe face, obſerve yon youth,
A ſtrict plain-dealer, aft o'er-ſtretching truth;
Severely ſowr, he's ready to reprove
The leaſt wrang ſtep in thoſe who have his love;
Yet what's of worth in them he over-rates;
But much they're to be pitied whom he hates:
Here his miſtake, his weakeſt ſide appears,
When he a character in pieces tears;
He gives nae quarter, nor to great or ſma',
Even beauty guards in vain; he lays at a'.
This humour, aften flowing o'er due bounds,
Too deeply mony a reputation wounds;

For which he's hated by the suffering crowd,
Who jointly 'gree to rail at him aloud,
And as much shun his sight and bitter tongue,
As they wad do a wasp that had them stung.
Censorious, learn sometimes at faults to wink,
The wiseſt ever speak leſs than they think:
Tho' thus superior judgment you may vaunt,
Yet this proud wormwood show o't, speaks a want:
A want in which your folly will be seen,
Till you increase in wit, and have leſs spleen.
Make way there—when a mortal god appears!
Why do ye laugh? King Midas wore sic ears—
How wise he looks? Well, wad he never speak,
People wad think him neither dull nor weak:
But ah! he fancies, 'cause he's chos'n a tool,
That a furr'd gown can free him frae the fool;
Straight he with paughty mien, and lordly gloom,
A vile affected air, not his assumes;
Stawks stiſly by, when better men salute,
Discovering leſs of senator than brute.
Yet, is there e'er a wiser man than he?
Speer at himself; and if he will be free,
He'll tell you, Nane.—Will judges tell a lie?
But let him pass, and with a smile observe
Yon tatter'd shadow, amaist like to starve;
And yet he struts, proud of his vast engine,
He is an author, writes exquisite fine:
Sae fine, in faith! that every vulgar head
Cannot conceive his meaning while they read.
He hates the world for this:—with bitter rage
He damns the stupid dullness of the age.
The printer is unpaid.---Booksellers swear
Ten copies will not sell in ten lang year;
And wad not that fair fret a learned mind,
To see those shou'd be patrons prove sae blind,
Not to approve of what cost meikle pains,
Neglect of bus'ness, sleep, and waste of brains?
And a' for nought, but to be vilely us'd,
As pages are whilk buyers have refus'd.

Ah! fellow-lab'rers for the preſs, take heed,
And force nae fame that way, if ye wad ſpeed:
Mankind muſt be (we hae na other) judge,
And if they are diſpleas'd why ſhould we grudge?
If happily you gain them to your ſide,
Then baldly mount your pegaſus, and ride:
Value yourſell only what they deſire;
What does not take commit it to the fire.
Next him a penman with a bluſſer air,
Stands 'tween his twa beſt friends that lull his care,
Nam'd *money in baith pouches*---with three lines
Yclept a bill, he digs the Indian mines,
Jobs, changes, lends, extorſes, cheats, and grips,
And no ae turn of gainfu' us'ry ſlips,
Till he has won, by wiſe pretence and ſnell,
As meikle as may drive his bairns to hell,
His ain lang hame.---This ſucker thinks nane wiſe,
But him that can to immenſe riches riſe:
Lear, honour, virtue, and ſic heavenly beams,
To him appear but idle airy dreams,
Not fit for men of buſineſs to mind,
That are for great and golden ends deſign'd.
Send for him, de'el!---till then, good men, take care
To keep at diſtance frae his hook and ſnare;
He has nae rewth, if coin comes in the play,
He'll draw, indorſe, and horn to death his prey.
Not thus Macſomno puſhes after praiſe,
He treats, and is admir'd in all he ſays:
Caſh well beſtow'd, which helps a man to paſs
For wiſe in his ain thinking, that's an aſs:
Poor ſkybalds, curs'd with more of wealth than wit,
Blyth of a *gratis Gaudeamus*, fit
With look attentive, ready all about,
To give the laugh when his dull joke comes out;
Accuſtom'd with his converſation bright,
They ken as by a watch the time of night,
When he's at ſic a point of ſic a tale,
Which to theſe paraſites grows never ſtale,
Tho' often tald---Like Lethe's ſtream, his wine
Makes them forget!---that he again may ſhine.

'Fy! ſatire, ha'd thy tongue, thou art too rude
'To jeer a character that ſeems ſae good:
'This man may beet the poet bare and clung,
'That rarely has a ſhilling in his ſpung.'
Hang him!--- there's patrons of good ſenſe enew
To cheriſh and ſupport the tuneful few,
Whoſe penetration's never at a loſs
In right diſtinguiſhing of gold frae droſs:
Employ me freely, if thou'd laurels wear,
Experience may teach thee not to fear.
  But ſee anither gives mair cauſe for dread,
He thraws his gab, and aft he ſhakes his head;
A ſlave to ſelf-conceit, and a' that's ſow'r,
T' acknowledge merit, is not in his power:
He reads---but ne'er the author's beauties minds,
And has nae pleaſure where nae faults he finds.
Much hated gowk, tho' vers'd in kittle rules,
To be a wirry-kow to writing fools.
They ſell the greateſt, only learn'd in words,
Which naithing but the cauld and dry affords.
Dar'ſt thou of a' thy betters ſlighting ſpeak,
That have nae grutten ſae meikle learning Greek?
Thy depths well kend, and a' thy filly vaunts,
To ilka ſolid thinker ſhaw thy wants.
Thus cowards deave us with a thouſand lies
Of dang'rous vict'ries they have won in pleas.
Sae ſhallow upſtarts ſtrive with care to hide
Their mean deſcent (which inly gnaws their pride)
By counting kin, and making endleſs faird,
If that their grany's uncle's oye's a laird.
Scar-crows, hen-hearted, and ye meanly born,
Apppear juſt what you are, and dread nae ſcorn;
Labour in words---keep hale your ſkins: why not?
Do well, and nane your laigh extract will quote,
But to your praiſe.—— Walk aff, till we remark
  Yon little coxy wight, that makes ſic wark
With tongue and gate: how crouſly does he ſtand?
His taes turn'd out, on his left haunch his hand?
The right beats time a hundred various ways,
And points the Pathos out in a' he ſays.

Wow! but he's proud! when amaist out of breath,
At ony time he clatters a man to death,
Wha is oblig'd sometime t' attend the sot,
To save the captiv'd buttons of his coat,
Thou dinsome jack-daw, ken 'tis a disease
This palsy in thy tongue that ne'er can please:
Of a' mankind, thou art the maist mistane
To think this way the name of Sage to gain.
Now, lest I shou'd be thought too much like thee
I'll give my readers leave to breathe a wee;
If they allow my picture's like the life,
Mae shall be drawn; originals are rife.

The PHOENIX *and the* OWL.

PHOENIX the first, th' Arabian lord,
And chief of all the feather'd kind,
A hundred ages had ador'd
The sun, with sanctity of mind.

Yet, mortal, ye maun yield to fate;
He heard the summons with a smile,
And unalarm'd, without regret,
He form'd himsell a sun'ral pile.

A Howlet, bird of mean degree,
Poor, dosen'd, lame, and doited auld,
Lay lurking in a neighb'ring tree,
Cursing the sun loot him be cauld.

Said Phoenix, Brother, why so griev'd,
To ban the being gives thee breath?
Learn to die better than thou'st liv'd;
Believe me, there's nae ill in death.

Believe ye that? the Owl reply'd:
Preach as ye will, death is an ill:
When young I ilka pleasure try'd,
But now I die against my will.

For you, a ſpecies by yourſell,
  Near eeldins with the ſun your god,
Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell,
  Ye're tired, and incline to nod.

It ſhou'd be ſae; for had I been
  As lang upon the warld as ye,
Nae tears ſhou'd e'er drap frae my een,
  For tinſel of my hollow tree.

And what, return'd th' Arabian ſage,
  Have ye t' obſerve ye have not ſeen?
Ae day's the picture of an age,
  'Tis ay the ſame thing o'er again.

Come, let us baith together die:
  Bow to the ſun that gave thee life:
Repent thou frae his beams did flee,
  And end thy poortith, pain, and ſtrife.

Thou wha in darkneſs took delight,
  Frae twangs of guilt could'ſt ne'er be free:
What won thou by thy ſhunning light?——
  But time flees on;——I haſte to die.

Ye'r ſervant, Sir, reply'd the Owl,
  I likena in the dark to lowp:
The byword ca's that chiel a fool,
  That ſlips a certainty for hope.

Then ſtraight the zealous feather'd king
  To's aromatic neſt retir'd,
Collected ſun-beams with his wing,
  And in a ſpicy flame expir'd.

Mean-time there blew a weſtlin gale,
  Which to the Howlet bore a coal;
The ſaint departed on his pile,
  But the blaſphemer in his hole.

He died for ever---fair and bright
  The Phœnix frae his aſhes ſprang.
Thus wicked men ſink down to night,
  While juſt men join the glorious thrang.

To the Hon. Sir JOHN CLERK *of* PENNYCUIK, *Bart. one of the Barons of the Exchequer, on the Death of his most accomplished Son,* JOHN CLERK, *Esq; who died in the 20th year of his Age.*

IF tears can ever be a duty found,
'Tis when the death of dear relations wound;
Then you must weep, you have too just a ground,

A son whom all the good and wise admir'd,
Shining with ev'ry grace to be desir'd;
Rais'd high your joyful hopes, and then retir'd.

Nature must yield, when such a weighty load
Rouzes the passions, and makes reason nod:
But who may contradict the will of God!

By his great Author, man was sent below,
Some things to learn, great pains to undergo,
To fit him for what further he's to know.

This end obtain'd, without regarding time,
He calls the soul home to its native clime,
To happiness and knowledge more sublime.

Thus some in youth like eagles mount the steep,
Which leads to man, and fathom learning's deep;
Others thro' age with reptile motion creep.

Like lazy streams which fill the fenny strand,
In muddy pools they long unactive stand,
Till spent in vapour, or immers'd in sand.

But down its flinty channel, without stain,
The mountain-rill flows eagerly to gain,
With a full tide, its origin the main.

Thus your lov'd Youth, whose bright aspiring mind
Could not to lazy minutes be confin'd,
Sail'd down the stream of life before the wind.

Perform'd the task of man, so well, so soon,
He reach'd the sea of bliss before his noon,
And to his memory lasting laurels won.

When life's tempestuous billows ceas'd to rore,
And e'er his broken vessel was no more.
His soul serenely view'd the heav'nly shore,

Bravely resign'd, obeying fate's command,
He fix'd his eyes on the immortal land,
Where crowding seraphs reach'd him out the hand.

Southeska, smiling cherub * first appear'd,
With Garlies' consort †, who vast pleasures shar'd,
Conducting him where virtue finds reward.

Think in the world of sp'rits, with how much joy
His tender mother would receive her boy,
Where fate no more their union can destroy.

His good grandsire, who lately went to rest,
How fondly would he grasp him to his breast,
And welcome him to regions of the blest!

From us, 'tis true, his youthful sweets are gone,
Which may plead for our weakness, when we moan;
The loss indeed is ours, he can have none.

Thus sailors with a crazy vessel croft,
Expecting every minute to be lost,
With weeping eyes behold a sunny coast.

Where happy land-men safely breathe the air,
Bask in the sun, or to cool shades repair,
They longing sigh, and wish themselves were there.

But who would after death to bliss lay claim,
Must, like your son, each vicious passion tame,
Fly from the crowd, and at perfection aim.

---

* James Lord Carnegie. See vol. 1st. p. 229.
† Lady Garlies, vol. 1st, p. 230 both his near relations.

Then grieve no more, nor vex yourself in vain,
To latest age the character maintain
You now possess, you'll find your son again.

On receiving a Letter to be present at the Burial *of Mr* ROBERT ALEXANDER *of* Blackhouse.

THOU sable border'd sheet, be gone,
Harbour to thee I must refuse;
Sure thou canst welcome find from none,
Who carries such ungrateful news.

Who can attend thy mournful tale,
And ward his soul from piercing woe!
In viewing thee, grief must prevail,
And tears from gushing eyes o'erflow.

From eyes of all that knew the man,
And in his friendship had a share;
Who all the world's affections won,
By virtues that all nat'ral were.

His merits dazzle, while we view:
His goodness is a theme so full,
The Muse wants strength to pay what's due,
While estimation prompts the will.

But she endeavours to make known
To farrest down posterity,
That good Blackhouse was such an one,
As every one should wish to be.

The FAIR ASSEMBLY: *A* Poem.

AWAKE, Thalia, and defend,
With chearfu' carroling,

Thy bonny care,—thy wings extend,
And bear me to your ſpring;
That harmony full force may lend
To reaſons that I bring:—
Now Caledonian nymphs attend,
For 'tis to you I ſing.

As lang as minds maun organs wear,
Compos'd of fleſh and blood,
We ought to keep them hale and clear,
* With exerciſe and food.
Then, but debate, it will appear
That dancing muſt be good,
It ſtagnant humours ſets a ſteer,
And fines the purple blood.

Diſeaſes, heavineſs, and ſpleen,
And ill things mony mae,
That gar the lazy fret and grane,
With viſage dull and blae.
'Tis dancing can do mair alane,
Than drugs frae far away,
To ward aff theſe, make nightly pain,
And ſowr the ſhining day.

Health is a prize—yet meikle mair
In dancing we may find;
It adds a luſtre to the fair,
And, when the fates unkind
Cloud with a blate and aukward air
A genius right refin'd,
† The ſprightly art helps to repair
This blemiſh on the mind.

---

* The wiſe for health on exerciſe depend.
God never made his works for man to mend. DRYD.

† Since nothing appears to me to give children ſo much becoming confidence and behaviour, and ſo raiſe them to the converſation of thoſe above their age as dancing, I think they ſhould be taught to

How mony do we daily ſee
  * Right ſcrimp of wit and ſenſe;
Wha gain their aims aft eaſily
  By well-bred confidence?
Then whate'er helps to qualifie
  A ruſtic negligence,
Maun without doubt a duty be,
  And ſhou'd give nae offence.

Hell's doctrine's dung, when equal pairs
  Together join their hands,
And vow to ſoothe ilk other's cares,
  In haly wedlock bands;
Sae when to dance the maid prepares,
  And fluſh'd with ſweetneſs ſtands,
At her the wounded lover ſtares,
  And yields to heaven's commands.

The firſt command † he ſoon obeys,
  While love inſpires ilk notion;
His wiſhing look his heart diſplays,
  While his lov'd mate's in motion:
He views her with a blyth amaze,
  And drinks with deep devotion
That happy draught, that throu' our days
  Is own'd a cordial potion.

---

dance as ſoon as they are capable of learning it: for though this conſiſts only in outward gracefulneſs of motion, yet, I know not how, it gives manly thoughts and carriage more than any thing. LOCK.

* It is certain, that for want of a competent knowledge in this art of dancing, which ſhould have been learned when young, the public loſes many a man of exquiſite intellectuals and unbiaſs'd probity, purely for want of that ſo neceſſary accompliſhment, aſſurance: while the preſſing knave or fool ſhoulders him out, and gets the prize. Mr WEAVER.

† Dixit eis Deus, foetificate, augeſcite, et implete terram.

The cordial which conſerves our life,
  And makes it ſmooth and eaſy;
Then, ilka wanter, wale a wife,
  Ere eild and humdrums ſeize ye,
Whaſe charms can ſilence dumps or ſtrife,
  And frae the rake releaſe ye,
Attend th' Aſſembly, where there's rife
  Of virtuous maids to pleaſe ye.

Theſe modeſt maids inſpire the muſe,
  In flowing ſtrains to ſhaw
Their beauties, which ſhe likes to rooſe,
  And let th' envious blaw:
That taſk ſhe canna well refuſe,
  Wha ſingle ſays them na——
To paint Belinda firſt we chuſe,
  With breaſts like driven ſnaw.

Like lily-banks ſee how they riſe,
  With a fair glen between,
Where living ſtreams, blue as the ſkies,
  Are branching upward ſeen,
To warm her mouth, where rapture lyes,
  And ſmiles, that baniſh ſpleen,
Wha ſtrikes with love and ſaft ſurpriſe,
  Where-e'er ſhe turns her een.

Sabella, gracefully complete,
  Straight as the mountain-pine,
Like pearl and rubies ſet in jet,
  Her lovely features ſhine:
In her the gay and ſolid meet,
  And blended are ſae fine,
That when ſhe moves her lips or feet,
  She ſeems ſome power divine.

O Daphne! ſweeter than the dawn,
  When rays glance on the height,
Diffuſing gladneſs o'er the lawn,
  With ſtrakes of riſing light.
The dewy flowers when newly blawn,
  Come ſhort of that delight,

Which thy far freſher beauties can
  Afford our joyfu' ſight.

How eaſy ſits ſweet Celia's dreſs,
  Her gait how gently free;
Her ſteps, throu'out the dance, expreſs
  The juſteſt harmony:
And when ſhe ſings, all muſt confeſs,
  Wha're bleſt to hear and ſee,
They'd deem't their greateſt happineſs
  T' enjoy her company.

And wha can ca' his heart his ain,
  That hears Aminta ſpeak?
Againſt Love's arrows, ſhields are vain,
  When he aims frae her cheek;
Her cheek, where roſes free from ſtain,
  In glows of youdith beek:
Unmingl'd ſweets her lips retain;
  Theſe lips ſhe ne'er ſhou'd ſteek.

Unleſs when fervent kiſſes cloſe
  That av'nue of her mind,
Thro' which true wit in torrents flows,
  As ſpeaks the nymph deſign'd.
The brag and toaſt of wits and beaux,
  And wonder of mankind;
Whaſe breaſt will prove a bleſt repoſe,
  To him with whom ſhe'll bind.

See with what gaiety, yet grave,
  Serena ſwims alang;
She moves a goddeſs 'mang the lave,
  Diſtinguiſh'd in the thrang.
Ye ſourocks, hafflines fool, haf knave,
  Wha hate a dance or ſang,
To ſee this ſtately maid behave,
  'Twad gi'e your hearts a twang:

Your hearts! ſaid I, trowth I'm to blame;
  I had amaiſt forgotten,

That ye to nae ſic organ claim,
  Or if ye do, 'tis rotten:
A ſaul with ſic a thowleſs flame,
  Is ſure a ſilly ſot ane;
Ye ſcandalize the human frame,
  When in our ſhape begotten.

Theſe lurdanes came juſt in my light,
  As I was tenting Chloe,
With jet-black een that ſparkle bright,
  She's all o'er form'd for joy;
With neck and waiſt, and limbs as tight
  As her's wha drew the boy,
Frae feeding flocks upon the height,
  And fled with him to Troy.

Now Myra dances; mark her mein,
  Sae diſengag'd and gay,
Mix'd with that innocence that's ſeen
  In bonny ew-bught May,
Wha wins the garland on the green
  Upon ſome bridal day;
Yet ſhe has graces for a queen
  And might a ſcepter ſway.

What lays, Caliſta, can commend,
  The beauties of thy face!
Whaſe fancy can ſae touring ſtend
  Thy merits a' to trace!
Frae boon the ſtarns, ſome bard, deſcend,
  And ſing her every grace,
Whaſe wondrous worth may recommend
  Her to a god's embrace.

A ſeraph wad our Aikman paint,
  Or draw a lively wit?
The features of a happy ſaint,
  Say, art thou fond to hit?
Or a madona compliment,
  With lineaments maiſt fit?
Fair copies thou need'ſt never want,
  If bright Caliſta ſit.

Mella the heavieſt heart can heeze,
  And ſowreſt thoughts expell,
Her ſtation grants her rowth and eaſe,
  Yet is the ſprightly Belle
As active as the eydent bees,
  Wha rear the waxen cell;
And place her in what light you pleaſe,
  She ſtill appears herſell.

Beauties on beauties come in view
  Sae thick, that I'm afraid
I ſhall not pay to ilk their due,
  Till Phœbus lend mair aid:
But this in gen'ral will had true,
  And may be ſafely ſaid,
There's ay a ſomething ſhining new
  In ilk delicious maid.

Sic as againſt th' Aſſembly ſpeak,
  The rudeſt ſaule betray,
When Matrons noble, wiſe, and meek,
  Conduct the healthfu' play,
Where they appear, nae vice dare keek,
  But to what's good gives way,
Like night, ſoon as the morning creek
  Has uſher'd in the day.

Dear Ed'nburgh, ſhaw thy gratitude,
  And of ſic friends make ſure,
Wha ſtrive to mak our minds leſs rude,
  And help our wants to cure:
Acting a gen'rous part and good,
  In bounty to the poor;
Sic vertues, if right underſtood,
  Shou'd ev'ry heart allure.

On the Royal Company *of* ARCHERS *shooting for the* BOWL, July 6th, 1724. *On which Day his Grace* JAMES DUKE *of* HAMILTON *was chosen their* Captain General; *and* Mr DAVID DRUMMOND *their* Praeses *won the* Prize.

AGAIN the year returns the day,
That's dedicat to joy and play,
To Bonnets, Bows, and Wine.
Let all who wear a sullen face,
This day meet with a due disgrace,
And in their sow'rness pine;
Be shunn'd as serpants, that wad stang
The hand that gies them food:
Sic we debar frae lasting sang,
And all their grumbling brood.

While to gain sport and halesome air,
The blythsome spirit draps dull care,
And starts frae bus'ness free:
Now to the fields the Archers bend,
With friendly minds the day to spend
In manly game and glee;
First striving wha shall win the bowl,
And then gart flow with wine:
Sic manly sport refresh'd the soul
Of stalwart men lang syne.

Ere parties thrawn, and int'rest vile,
Debauch'd the grandeur of our isle,
And made ev'n brethren faes:
Syne truth frae friendship was exil'd,
And fause the honest hearts beguil'd,
And led them in a maze
Of politics—— With cunning craft,
The Issachars of state,
Frae haly drums first dang us daft,
Then drown'd us in debate.

Drap this unpleasing thought, dear muse;
Come, view the men thou likes to roose;
To Bruntsfield-green let's hy,
And see the royal Bowmen strive,
Wha far the feather'd arrows drive,
All souching through the sky:
Ilk etling with his utmost skill,
With artfu' draught and stark,
Extending nerves with hearty will,
In hopes to hit the mark.

See Hamilton, wha moves with grace
Chief of the Caledonian race
Of peers, to whom is due
All honours, and a fair renown;
Wha lays aside his ducal crown,
Sometimes to shade his brow
Beneath St. Andrew's bonnet blue,
And joins to gain the prize;
Which shaws true merit match'd by few,
Great, affable, and wise.

This day, with universal voice,
The archers him their chieftain chose:
Consenting powers divine,
They bless the day with general joy,
By giving him a princely boy,
To beautify his line,
Whose birth-day in immortal sang
Shall stand in fair record,
While bended strings the Archers twang,
And beauty is ador'd.

Next Drummond view, who gives their law,
It glades our hearts to see him draw
The bow, and guide the band;
He, like the saul of all the lave,
Does with sic honour still behave,
As merits to command.
Blyth be his hours, hale be his heart,
And lang may he preside;

Lang the juſt fame of his deſert
shall unborn Archers read:

How on this fair propitious day,
With conqueſt leal he bore away
The bowl victoriouſly;
With following ſhafts in number four,
Succeſs the like ne'er kend before,
The prize to dignify:
Haſte to the garden then bedeen,
The roſe and laurel pow,
And plet a wreath of white and green,
To buſk the victors brow.

The victor crown, who with his bow,
In ſpring of youth and am'rous glow,
Juſt fifty years ſinſyne,
The ſilver arrow made his prize,
Yet ceaſes not in fame to riſe,
And with new feats to ſhine.
May every Archer ſtrive to fill
His bonnet, and obſerve
The pattern he has ſet with ſkill,
And praiſe like him deſerve.

On the Royal Company *of* Archers, *marching under the command of his Grace the* Duke *of* Hamilton, *in their proper Habits, to ſhoot for the* Arrow, *at* Muſſelburgh, Auguſt 4th, 1724.

Apollo, patron of the lyre,
And of the valiant Archers bow,
Me with ſic ſentiments inſpire,
As may appear from thee they flow;
When by thy ſpecial will, and high command,
I ſing the merits of the Royal Band.

NOW like themſells again the Archers raiſe
The Bow, in brave array, and claim our laye.

Phœbus, well-pleas'd, ſhines from the blue ſerene,
Glents on the ſtream, and gilds the chequer'd green:
The winds lye huſh in their remoteſt caves,
And forth with gentle ſwell his margin leaves;
See to his ſhore the gathering thouſands roll,
As if one gen'ral ſp'rit inform'd the whole:
The bonnieſt fair of a' Great Britain's iſle,
From chariots and the crowded caſements ſmile:
Whilſt horſe and foot promiſcuous form a lane,
Extending far along the deſtin'd plain,
Where, like Bellona's troops, or guards of love,
The Archers in their proper habits move.
Their guardian ſaint, from yon etherial height,
Diſplays th' auſpicious croſs of blazing light;
While on his care he chearfully looks down,
The pointed Thiſtle wears his ruby crown,
And ſeems to threat arm'd ready to engage,
'No man unpuniſhed ſhall provoke my rage:'
Well pleas'd the rampant Lion ſmooths his mane,
And gambols gay upon his golden plain.
Like as the ſun, when wintry clouds are paſt,
And fragrant gales ſucceed the ſtormy blaſt,
Shines on the earth, the fields look freſh and gay,
So ſeem the Archers on this joyful day;
Whilſt with his graceful mien, and aſpect kind,
Their Leader raiſes every follower's mind,
Who love the conduct of a youth whoſe birth
To nothing yields but his ſuperior worth;
And happier is with his ſelected train,
Than Philip's ſon who ſtrove a world to gain:
That Prince whole nations to deſtruction drove,
This PRINCE delights his country to improve.
A monarch rais'd upon a throne may nod,
And paſs among the vulgar for a god;
While men of penetration juſtly blame
Thoſe who hang on their anceſtors for fame;
But own the dignity of high deſcent,
When the ſucceſſor's ſpirit keeps the bent,
Which through revolving ages grac'd the line,
With all thoſe qualities that brighteſt ſhine:

The Archers chieftain thus with active mind,
In all that's worthy never falls behind
These noble characters, from whom he sprung,
In hist'ry fam'd, whom ancient bards have sung.
See, from his steady hand and aiming eye,
How straight in equal lengths the arrows fly:
Both at one end, close by the mark they stand,
Which points him worthy of his brave command;
That as they to his num'rous merits bow,
This victory makes homage fully due.
Sage Drummond next, the chief, with counsel grave,
Becomes his post, instructing all that's brave:
So Pallas seem'd, who Mentor's form put on,
To make a hero of Ulysses' son.
Each officer his character maintains,
While love and honour gratify their pains:
No view inferior brings them to the field,
To whom great chiefs of clans with pleasure yield.
No hidden murmur swells the Archer's heart,
While each with gladness acts his proper part:
No factious strife, nor plots, the bane of states,
Give birth to jealousies or dire debates;
Nor less their pleasure who obedience pay,
Good order to preserve, as those who sway.
O smiling muse! full well thou knows the fair
Admire the courteous, and with pleasure share
Their love with him that's generous and brave,
And can with manly dignity behave;
Then haste to warn thy tender care with speed,
Left by some random shaft their hearts may bleed,
Yon dangerous youths both Mars and Venus arm,
While with their double darts they threat and charm;
Those at their side forbid invading foes,
With vain attempt true courage to oppose;
While shafts mair subtile, darted from their eye,
Thro' softer hearts with silent conquest fly.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of HARTFORD *Lord* PEIRCY, *and the rest of the Honourable Members of the Society of* British Antiquarians. *A* Scots ODE.

TO Hartford, and his learned friends,
Whose fame for science far extends,
A Scottish muse her duty sends,
From Pictish towers:
Health, length of days, and happy ends,
Be ever yours.

Your generous cares make light arise
From things obscure to vulgar eyes,
Finding where hidden knowledge lies,
T' improve the mind;
And most delightfully surprise,
With thoughts refin'd.

When you the broke inscription read,
Or amongst antique ruins tread,
And view remains of princes dead.
In funeral piles,
Your penetration seems decreed
To bless these isles.

Where Romans form'd their camps of old,
The gods and urns of curious mould,
Their medals struck of brass or gold,
'Tis you can show,
And truth of what's in story told,
To you we owe.

How beneficial in the care,
That brightens up the classic lear!
When you the documents, compare,
With authors old,
You ravish, when we can so fair
Your light behold.

Without your comments, each old book
By all the world would be forſook:
For who of thought wou'd deign to look
On doubtful works,
Till by your ſkilful hands they're ſtruck
With ſterling marks?

By this your learning men are fir'd
With love of glory, and inſpir'd
Like ancient heroes, who ne'er tir'd
To win a name;
And, by their god-like acts, aſpir'd
T' immortal fame.

Your uſeful labours ſhall endure,
True merit ſhall your fame ſecure,
And will poſterity allure,
To ſearch about
For truth, by demonſtration ſure,
Which leaves no doubt.

The muſe foreſees brave Hartford's name
Shall to all writers be a theme,
To laſt while arts and greatneſs claim
Th' hiſtorian's ſkill,
Or the chief inſtrument of fame,
The poet's quill.

Pembroke's a name to Britain dear
For learning and brave deeds of weir;
The genius ſtill continues clear
In him whoſe art,
In your rare fellowſhip can bear
So great a part.

Bards yet unborn ſhall tune their lays,
And monuments harmonious raiſe
To Winchelſea and Devon's praiſe,
Whoſe high deſert,
And virtues bright, like genial rays,
Can life impart.

Nor want we Caledonians ſage,
Who read the painted vellum page,
No ſtrangers to each antique ſtage,
And Druids cells,
And ſacred ruins of each age,
On plains and fells.

Amongſt all thoſe of the firſt rate,
Our learned * Clerk bleſt with the fate
Of thinking right, can beſt relate
Theſe beauties all,
Which bear the marks of ancient date,
Be north the wall.

The wall which Hadrian firſt begun,
And bold Severus carried on,
From riſing to the ſetting ſun,
On Britain's coaſt,
Our anceſtors fierce arms to ſhun,
Which gall'd them moſt.

But now no need of walls or towers,
Ag'd enmity no more endures,
Brave Britain joins her warlike powers,
That always dare,
To open and to ſhut the doors
Of peace and war.

Advance, great men, your wiſe deſign,
And proſper in the taſk divine;
Draw from antiquity's deep mine
The precious ore,
And in the Britiſh annals ſhine
Till time's no more.

---

* Sir John Clerk of Pennycuick, Bart.

On the Marquis of ANNANDALE'S *conveying me a Present of* Guineas *in my* Snuff-mill, *after he had taken all the* Snuff.

THE Chief requir'd my finishing-mill,
And well it was bestow'd;
The patron, by the rarest skill,
Turn'd all the snuff to gowd.

Gowd stampt with royal Anna's face,
Piece after piece came forth;
The pictures smil'd, gie'n with such grace
By ane of so much worth.

Sure thus the patronizing Roman
Made Horace spread the wing;
Thus Dorset, by kind deeds uncommon,
Rais'd Prior up to sing.

That there are patrons yet for me,
Here's a convincing proof,
Since Annandale gives gowd as free
As I can part with snuff.

Advice to Mr——on his Marriage.

ALL joy to you and your Amelie,
May ne'er your purse nor vigour fail ye;
But have a care how you employ
Them baith; and tutor well your joy.
Frae me an auld dab tak advice,
And hane them baith if ye be wise;
For warld's wasters, like poor cripples,
Look blunt with poverty and ripples;
There's an auld saw to ilk ane *notum*,
Better to save at braird than bottom;
Which means, your purse and person use
As canny poets do their muse;

For whip and ſpurring never prove
Effectual, or in verſe or love.
Sae far, my friend, in merry ſtrain,
I've given a douſe advice and plain,
And honeſtly diſcharg'd my conſcience
In lines (tho' hamely) far frae nonſenſe.
Some other chiel may daftly ſing,
That kens but little of the thing,
And blaw ye up with windy fancies
That he has thigit frae romances,
Of endleſs raptures, conſtant glee,
That never was, nor ne'er will be,
Alake! poor mortals are not gods,
And therefore often fall at odds;
But little quarrels now and than,
Are nae great faults 'tween wife and man;
Theſe help right aften to improve
His underſtanding, and her love.
Your rib and you. 'bout hours of drinking,
May chance to differ in your thinking;
But that's juſt like a ſhower in May,
That gars the ſun blink ſeem mair gay.
If e'er ſhe tak the pet, or fret,
Be calm, and yet maintain your ſtate;
And ſmiling, ca' her little foolie,
Syne with a kiſs evite a toolie.
This method's ever thought the braver,
Than either cuffs, or cliſh ma-claver:
It ſhaws a ſpirit low and common,
That with ill nature treats a woman:
They're of a make ſae nice and fair,
They muſt be manag'd with ſome care;
Reſpect them, they'll be kind and civil,
But diſregarded, prove the devil.

* * *

To Mrs M. M. *on her* Painting.

TO paint his Venus, auld Apelles,
Wal'd a the bonny maids of Greece:

Thou needs nae mair, but paint thyſell, laſs,
To ding the Painter and his Piece.

The LURE: *A* Tale.

THE ſun juſt o'er the hills was peeping,
The hynds ariſing, gentry ſleeping,
The dogs were barking, cocks were crawing,
Night-drinking ſots counting their lawin;
Clean were the roads, and clear the day,
When forth a falconer took his way,
Nane with him but his ſhe knight-errant,
That acts in air the bloody tyrant;
While with quick wing, fierce beek and claws,
She breaks divine and human laws;
Ne'er pleas'd, but with the hearts and livers
Of peatricks, teals, moor-powts and plivers;
Yet is ſhe much eſteem'd and dandl'd,
Clean lodg'd, well fed, and ſaftly handl'd.
Reaſon for this need be nae wonder,
Her paraſites ſhare in the plunder.
Thus ſneaking rooks about a court,
That make oppreſſion but their ſport,
Will praiſe a paughty bloody king,
And hire mean hackney poets to ſing
His glories; while the deel be licket
He e'er attempt but what he ſticket.
So, ſir, as I was gawn to ſay,
This falconer had tane his way
O'er Calder-moor; and gawn the moſs up,
He there forgather'd with a goſſip:
And wha was't, trow ye, but the de'el
That had diſguis'd himſell ſae weel
In human ſhape, ſae ſnug and wylie,
Jude took him for a burlie-bailie:
His cloven cloots were hid with ſhoon,
A bonnet coor'd his horns aboon:

Nor ſpat he fire, or brimſtone riſted,
Nor awſome glowr'd; but eaw'mly lifted
His een and voice, and thus began:
'Good morning t'ye, honeſt man,
'Ye're early out:—how far gae ye
'This gate?—I'm blyth of company—
'What fool is that may ane demand,
'That ſtands ſae trigly on your hand?'
"Wow, man! quoth Juden, where won ye?
"The like was never ſpeer'd at me!
"Man, 'tis a hawk, and e'en as good
"As ever flew, or wore a hood."
'Friend, I'm a ſtranger, quoth auld Symmie,
'I hope ye'll no be angry wi' me;
'The ignorant maun ay be ſpeering
'Queſtions, till they come to a clearing.
'Then tell me mair—what do ye wi't?
'Is't good to ſing? or good to eat?
"For neither, anſwer'd ſimple Juden;
"But helps to bring my lord his food in:
"When fowls ſtart up that I wad hae,
"Straight frae my hand I let her gae;
"Her hood tane aff, ſhe is not langſome
"In taking captives, which I ranſome
"With a dow's wing, or chicken's leg."
'Trowth, quoth the de'el, that's nice! I beg
'Ye'll be ſae kind, as let me ſee
'How this ſame bird of your's can flee.'
"T' oblige ye, friend, I winna ſtand."—
Syne loos'd the Falcon frae his hand.
Unhooded, up ſhe ſprang with birr,
While baith ſtood ſtaring after her.
'But how d'ye get her back?' ſaid Nick.
"For that, quoth Jude, I have a trick:
"Ye ſee this Lure—it ſhall command
"Her upon ſight down to my hand."
Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whieu-whieu-whieu—
And ſtraight upon't the Falcon flew.
'As I'm a ſinner! cries the de'el,
'I like this paſtime wonder weel;

'And ſince ye've been ſae kindly free,
'To let her at my bidding flee,
'I'll entertain ye in my gate:——
Mean-time it was the will of fate,
A hooded friar (ane of that clan
Ye have deſcriv'd by father * Gawin,
In Maſter-keys) came up; good ſaul!
Him Satan cleek'd up by the ſpaul,
Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair,
Ga'e him a toſs up in the air,
High flew the ſon of ſaint Loyola,
While ſtartled Juden gave a hola!
Bombaz'd with wonder, ſtill he ſtood,
The ferly had 'maiſt crudled his blood,
To ſee a mouk mount like a facon
He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin;
Thrice did he rub his een to clear,
And having maſter'd part o's fear,
"His preſence be about us a'!
"He cries, the like I never ſaw:
"See, ſee! he like a lavrock tours—
"He'll reek the ſtarns in twa'r three hours!
"Is't poſſible to bring him back?"
'For that quoth Nick, I have a knack;
'To train my birds I want na Lures,
'Can manage them as ye do your's:
'And there's ane coming hie gate, hither,
'Shall ſoon bring down the haly brither.
This was a freſh young landart laſs,
With cheeks like cherries, een like glaſs;
Few coats ſhe wore, and they were kilted,
And (*John come kiſs me now*) ſhe lilted,

---

* The reverend Anthony Gawin, formerly a Spaniſh Roman Catholic Prieſt, now an Iriſh Proteſtant miniſter, who hath lately wrote three volumes on the tricks and whoredoms of the prieſts and nuns; which book he names Maſter-keys to Popery.

As she skift o'er the benty knows,
Gawn to the bught to milk the ews;
Her in his hand slee Belzie hint up,
As eith as ye wad do a pint-stoup,
Inverted, wav'd her round his head;
Whieu—whieu—he whistled, and with speed
Down, quick as shooting starns, the priest
Came souse upon the lass's breast.
The moral of this tale shews plainly,
That carnal minds attempt but vainly
Aboon this laigher warld to mount,
While slaves to Satan.

An Anacreontic *on* Love.

WHEN a' the warld had clos'd their een,
Fatigu'd with labour, care, and din,
And quietly like weary wight
Enjoy'd the silence of the night:
Then Cupid, that ill-deedy gett,
With a' his pith rapt at my yett.
Surpriz'd, throw sleep, I cry'd, wha's that?
Quoth he, 'A poor young wean a' wat;
'Oh! haste ye aper,—fear nae skaith,
'Else soon this storm will be my death.'
With his complaint my soul grew wae,
For as he said I thought it sae:
I took a light, and fast did rin
To let the chittering infant in:
And he appear'd to be nae kow,
For a' his quiver, wings and bow.
His bairnly smiles and looks gave joy,
He seem'd sae innocent a boy:
I led him ben but any pingle,
And beckt him brawly at my ingle;
Dighted his face, his handies thow'd,
Till his young cheeks, like roses, glow'd.

But soon as he grew warm and fain,
'Let's try, quoth he, if that the rain
'Has wrang'd ought of my sporting gear,
'And if my bow string's hale and fier.'
With that his arch'ry graith he put
In order, and made me his butt:
Mov'd back a piece,—his bow he drew,
Fast throw my breast his arrow flew.
That dune, as if he'd found a nest,
He leugh, and with unsonsy jest,
Cry'd, 'Nibour, I'm right blyth in mind,
'That in good tift my bow I find:
'Did not my arrows flie right smart?
'Ye'll find it sticking in your heart.'

On Mr DRUMMOND'*s being chosen one of the Hon. Commissioners of the Customs. An* Epigram.

THE good are glad, when merit meets reward;
And thus they share the pleasure of another,
While little minds, who only self regard,
Will sicken at the success of a brother.
Hence I am pleas'd to find myself right class'd,
Even by this mark, that's worthy of observing;
It gives me joy, the patent lately pass'd
In favour of dear Drummond, most deserving.

The ADDRESS *of the* MUSE *to the Right Hon.* GEORGE DRUMMOND, *Esq; Lord Provost, and Council of* Edinburgh.

MY Lord, my patron, good and kind,
Whose every act of generous care
The patriot shews, and trusty friend;

While favours by your thoughts refin'd
  Both public and the private ſhare.
To you the muſe her duteous homage pays,
While Edinburgh's intereſt animates her lays.

Nor will the beſt ſome hints refuſe:
  The narrow ſoul, that leaſt brings forth,
To an advice the rareſt bows;
Which the extenſive mind allows,
  Being conſcious of its genuine worth,
Fears no eclipſe; nor with dark pride declines,
A ray from light, that far inferior ſhines.

Our reaſon and advantage call
  Us to preſerve what we eſteem:
And each ſhould contribute, tho' ſmall,
Like ſilver rivulets that fall
  In one, and make a ſpreading ſtream.
So ſhould a city all her care unite,
T' engage with entertainments of delight.

Man for ſociety was made,
  His ſearch of knowledge has no bound;
Through the vaſt deep he loves to wade,
But ſubjects ebb, and ſpirits fade,
  On wilds and thinly peopl'd ground,
Then where the world, in miniature, employs
Its various arts, the ſoul its wiſh enjoys.

Sometimes the ſocial mind may rove,
  And trace with contemplation high,
The natural beauties of the grove,
Pleas'd with the turtle's making love,
  While birds chant in a ſummer ſky.
But when cold winter ſnows the naked fields,
The city then its changing pleaſure yields.

Then you, to whom pertains the care,
  And have the power to act aright,
Nor pains, nor prudent judging ſpare,
The Good Town's failings to repair,
  And give her lovers more delight.

Much you have done, both useful and polite;
O never tire! till every plan's complete.

Some may object, we money want,
Of every project soul and nerve.
'Tis true;—but sure, the parliament
Will ne'er refuse frankly to grant
Such funds as good designs deserve.
The thriving well of each of Britain's towns,
Adds to her wealth, and more her grandeur crowns.

Allow that fifteen thousand pounds
Were yearly on improvements spent;
If luxury produce the funds,
And well laid out, there are no grounds
For murmuring, or the least complaint:
Materials all within our native coast,
The poor's employ'd, we gain, and nothing's lost.

Two-hundreds, for five pounds a-day,
Will work like Turkish galley-slaves;
And e'er they sleep, they will repay
Back all the public forth did lay,
For small support that nature craves,
Thus kept at work, few twangs of guilt they feel,
And are not tempt' by pinching want to steal.

Most wisely did our city move,
When * Hope, who judges well and nice,
Was chosen fittest to improve
From rushy tufts the pleasing grove,
From bogs a rising paradise.
Since earth's foundation, to our present day,
The beauteous plain in mud neglected lay.

Now, evenly planted, hedg'd and drain'd,
Its verdures please the scent and sight;

---

* Mr. Hope of Rankeilour, who has beautifully planted, hedged, and drain'd Straiton's Meadow, which was formerly the bottom of a lake.

And here the FAIR may walk unpain'd,
Her flowing silks and shoes unstain'd,
  Round the green Circus of delight;
Which shall by ripening time still sweeter grow,
And Hope be fam'd while Scotsmen draw the bow.

Ah! while I sing the northern air,
  Throu' gore and carnage gives offence;
Which should not, while a river fair,
Without our walls flows by so near;
  Carriage from thence but small expence;
The useful Corporation too would find,
By working there, more health and ease of mind.

Then sweet our northern flow'rs would blow,
  And sweet our northern alleys end:
Sweet all the northern springs would flow,
Sweet northern trees and herbs would grow,
  And from the lake a field be gain'd:
Where on the spring's green margent by the dawn,
Our maids might wash, and blanch their lace and lawn.

* Forbid a nasty pack to place
  On stalls unclean their herbs and roots,
On the high street a vile disgrace,
And tempting to our infant-race,
  To swallow poison with their fruits.
Give them a station where less spoil'd and seen,
The healthful herbage may keep fresh and clean.

---

* With the more freedom some thoughts in these stanzas are advanced, because several citizens of the best thinking, both in and out of the magistracy, incline to, and have such views, if they were not opposed by some of gross old-fashioned notions. Such will tell you, O! the street of Edinburgh is the finest garden of Scotland. And how can it otherwise be, considering how well it is dunged every night? But this abuse we hope to see reformed soon, when the cart and warning bell shall leave the lazy slattern without excuse, after ten at night.

Besides they straiten much our street,
  When those who drive the hack and dray,
In drunk and rude confusion meet,
We know not where to turn our feet;
  Mortal our hazard every way.
Too oft the ag'd, the deaf, and little f[illegible],
Hem'd in with stalls, crush'd under axles lie.

Clean order yields a vast delight,
  And genius's that brightest shine,
Prefer the pleasure of the sight
Justly, to theirs who day and night
  Sink health and active thought in wine.
Happy the man that's clean in house and weed,
Tho' water be his drink, and oats his bread.

Kind fate, on them whom I admire,
  Bestow neat rooms and gardens fair,
Pictures that speak the painter's fire,
And learning which the nine inspire,
  With friends that all his thoughts may share;
A house in Edinburgh, when the sullen storm
Defaces nature's joyous fragrant form.

O! may we hope to see a stage,
  Fill'd with the best of such as can
Smile down the follies of the age,
Correct dull pride and party rage,
  And cultivate the growing man;
And shew the virgin every proper grace,
That makes her mind as comely as her face.

Nor will the most devout oppose,
  When with a strict judicious care,
The scenes most virtuous shall be chose,
That numerous are forbidding those,
  That shock the modest, good and fair.
The best of things may often be abus'd;
That argues not, when right, to be refus'd.

Thus, what our fathers wasting blood,
  Of old from the south Britons won,

When Scotland reach'd to Humber's flood,
We shall regain by arts less rude,
And bring the best and fairest down,
From England's northern counties, nigh as far
Distant from court as we of Pictland are.

Thus far inspir'd with honest zeal,
These thoughts are offer'd with submission,
By your own bard, who ne'er shall fail
The interest of the common weal,
While you indulge and grant permission
To your oblig'd, thus humbly to rehearse
His honest and well-meaning thoughts in verse.

On his grace the Duke *of* HAMILTON'S *shooting an* Arrow *through the* Neck *of an* EEL.

AS from a bow a fatal flane
Train'd by Apollo from the main,
In water pierc'd an Eel;
Sae may the Patriot's power and art,
Sic fate to souple rogues impart,
That drumble at the common weal;
Tho' they as ony Eels are slid,
And thro' what's vile can scud,
A bolt may reach them, tho' deep hid
They sculk beneath their mud.

BETTY *and* KATE, *a* Pastoral Farewel *to* Mr AIRMAN *when he went for* London.

BETTY.

DEAR Katie, Willy's e'en away!
Willy, of herds the wale,
To seed his flock, and make his hay
Upon a distant dale.

Far to the ſouthward of this height
  Where now we dowie ſtray,
Ay heartſome, when he chear'd our ſight,
  And leugh with us a' day.

KATE.

O Willy, can dale dainties pleaſe
  Thee mair than moorland ream?
Does Iſis flow with ſweeter eaſe
  Than Fortha's gentle ſtream?
Or takes thou rather mair delyt
  In the ſtrae-hatted maid,
Than in the blooming red and whyt
  Of her that wears the plaid?

BETTY.

Na, Kate, for that we needna mourn,
  He is not giv'n to change;
But ſauls of ſic a ſhining turn,
  For honour like to range;
Our laird, and a' the gentry round,
  Who mauna be ſaid nay,
Sic pleaſure in his art have found,
  They winna let him ſtay.
Blyth I have ſtood frae morn to een,
  To ſee how true and weel
He cou'd delyt us on the green
  With a piece cawk and keel;
On a ſlid ſtane, or ſmoother ſlate,
  He can the picture draw
Of you or me, or ſheep or gait,
  The likeſt e'er ye ſaw.
Laſs, thinkna ſhame to eaſe your mind,
  I ſee ye're like to greet;
Let gae theſe tears 'tis juſtly kind,
  For ſhepherd ſae complete.

KATE.

Far, far! o'er far frae Spey and Clyde,
  Stands that great town of Lud,
To whilk our beſt lads rin and ride,
  That's like to put us wood;

For ſindle times they e'er come back
  Wha anes are heftit there:
Sure, Beſs, their hills are no ſae black,
  Nor yet their howms ſae bare.

BETTY.

Our rigs are rich, and green our heights,
  And well our cares reward;
But yield, nae doubt, far leſs delights,
  In abſence of our laird;
But we maun cawmly now ſubmit,
  And our ill luck lament,
And leav't to his ain ſenſe and wit
  To find his heart's content.
A thouſand gates he had to win
  The love of auld and young,
Did a' he did with little din,
  And in nae deed was dung.

KATE.

William and Mary never fail'd
  To welcome with a ſmile,
And hearten us, when ought we ail'd,
  Without deſigning guile:
Lang may ſhe happily poſſeſs
  Wha's in his breaſt inſeft,
And may their bonny bairns increaſe,
  And a' with rowth be left.
O William, win your laurels faſt,
  And ſyne we'll a' be fain,
Soon as your wand'ring days are paſt,
  And you're return'd again.

BETTY.

Revive her joys by your return,
  To whom you firſt gave pain;
Judge how her paſſions for you burn,
  By theſe you bear your ain.
Sae may your kirn with fatneſs flow,
  And a' your ky be ſleek;
And may your hearts with gladneſs glow,
  In finding what ye ſeek;

To Mr DAVID MALLOCH *on his* Departure *from* SCOTLAND.

SINCE fate, with honour, bids thee leave
Thy country for a while,
It is nae friendly part to grieve,
When powers propitious ſmile.

The taſk aſſign'd thee's great and good
To cultivate two Grahams,
Wha from bauld heroes draw their blood
Of brave immortal names.

Like wax the dawning genius takes
Impreſſions, thraw'n or even;
Then he wha fair the moulding makes,
Does journey-work for heaven.

The ſour weak pedants ſpoil the mind
Of thoſe beneath their care,
Who think inſtruction is confin'd
To poor grammatic ware.

But better kens my friend, and can
Far nobler plans deſign,
To lead the boy up to a man
That's fit in courts to ſhine.

Frae Grampian heights, ſome may object,
Can you ſic knowledge bring?
But thoſe laigh tinkers ne'er neglect,
Some ſauls ken ilka thing.

With vaſter eaſe, at the firſt glance,
Than miſty minds, that plod
And threſh for thought, but ne'er advance
Their ſtawk aboon their clod.

But he * that could in tender ſtrains
Raiſe Margaret's plaining ſhade,

---

* *William and Margaret*, a ballad in imitation

And paint diſtreſs that chills the veins,
While William's crimes are red;

Shaws to the world, cou'd they obſerve,
A clear deſerving flame——
Thus I can rouſe without reſerve,
When truth ſupports my theme.

Gae, Lad, and win a nation's love,
By making thoſe in truſt,
Like Wallace's Achates *, prove
Wiſe, generous, brave, and juſt.

Sae may his grace th' illuſtrious Sire,
With joy paternal ſee
Their riſing blaze of manly fire,
And pay his thanks to thee.

To Calista, *an* Epigram.

ANES wiſdom, majeſty, and beauty,
Contended to allure the ſwain,
Wha fain wad paid to ilk his duty,
But only ane the prize could gain.

Were Jove again to redd debate
Between his ſpouſe and daughters twa,
And were it dear Caliſta's fate
To bid among them for the ba';

---

of the old manner, wherein the ſtrength of thought and paſſion is more obſerved than a rant of unmeaning words.

* The heroic Sir John Graham, the glory of his name and nation (and deareſt friend of the renowned Sir William Wallace) anceſtor of his Grace the Duke of Montroſe.

When given to her the ſhepherd might
Then with the ſingle apple ſerve a';
Since ſhe's poſſeſt of a' that's bright
In Juno, Venus, and Minerva.

INSCRIPTION *on the* Tomb-ſtone *of* Mr ALEXANDER WARDLAW, *late* Chamberlain *to the Right Hon. the* Earl *of* Wigton, *erected by his* Son Mr JOHN WARDLAW, *in the* Church *of* BIGGAR.

HERE lies a man, whoſe upright heart
With virtue was profuſely ſtor'd,
Who acted well the honeſt part
Between the tenants and their lord.

Between the ſand and flinty rock
Thus ſteer'd he in the golden mean,
While his blyth countenance beſpoke
A mind unruffl'd and ſerene.

As to great Bruce the Flemings prov'd
Faithful, ſo to the Flemings heir
Wardlaw behav'd, and was belov'd
For's juſtice, candor, faith, and care.

His merit ſhall preſerve his fame
To lateſt ages, free from ruſt,
'Till the arch-angel raiſe his frame
To join his ſoul amongſt the juſt.

An ODE *ſacred to the* Memory *of her Grace* ANNE Dutcheſs *of* HAMILTON.

WHY ſounds the plain with ſad complaint?
Why hides the ſun his beams?

Why ſighs the winds ſae black and cauld?
Why mourn the ſwelling ſtreams?

Wail on, ye heights; ye glens, complain;
Sun, wear thy cloudy veil;
Sigh, winds, frae frozen caves of ſnaw;
Clyde, mourn the rueful tale.

She's dead, the beauteous Anna's dead;
All nature wears a gloom:
Alas! the comely budding flower
Is faded in the bloom.

Clos'd in the weeping marble vault,
Now cauld and blae ſhe lyes;
Nae mair the ſmiles adorn her cheek,
Nae mair ſhe lifts her eyes.

Too ſoon, O ſweeteſt, faireſt, beſt,
Young parent, lovely mate,
Thou leaves thy lord and infant-ſon
To weep thy early fate.

But let thy chearfu' marriage-day
Give gladneſs all around;
But late in thee the youthful chief
A heaven of bleſſings found.

His boſom ſwells, for much he lov'd;
Words fail to paint his grief:
He ſtarts in dreams, and graſps thy ſhade,
The day brings nae relief.

The fair illuſion ſkims away,
And grief again returns;
Life's pleaſures make a vain attempt,
Diſconſolate he mourns.

He mourns his loſs, a nation's loſs,
It claims a flood of tears,
When ſic a lov'd illuſtrious ſtar
Sae quickly diſappears.

With roſes and the lily buds,
Ye nymphs, her grave adorn,

And weeping tell, thus ſweet ſhe was,
  Thus early from us torn.

To ſilent twilight ſhades retire,
  Ye melancholy ſwains
In melting notes repeat her praiſe,
  In ſighing vent your pains.

But haſte calm reaſon to our aid,
  And paining thoughts ſubdue,
By placing of the pious Fair
  In a mair pleaſing view:

Whoſe white immortal mind now ſhines,
  And ſhall for ever bright,
Above th' inſult of death and pain,
  By the *Firſt Spring of Light.*

There joins the high melodious thrang,
  That ſtrike eternal ſtrings:
In preſence of Omnipotence,
  She now a ſeraph ſings.

Then ceaſe, great James, thy flowing tears,
  Nor rent thy ſoul in vain:
Frae bowers of bliſs ſhe'll ne'er return
  To thy kind arms again.

With goodneſs ſtill adorn thy mind,
  True greatneſs ſtill improve;
Be ſtill a patriot, juſt and brave,
  And meet thy Saint above.

ODE *to the* Memory *of* Sir ISAAC NEWTON. Inſcribed *to the* ROYAL SOCIETY *of* London, *for the improving of* Natural Knowledge.

GREAT Newton's dead—full ripe his fame;
  Ceaſe vulgar grief, to cloud our ſong:
We thank the Author of our frame,
  Who lent him to the earth ſo long.

The god-like man now mounts the ſky,
  Exploring all yon radiant ſpheres;
And with one view can more deſcry,
  Than here below in eighty years:

Tho' none, with greater ſtrength of ſoul,
  Could riſe to more divine a height,
Or range the orbs from pole to pole,
  And more improve the human ſight.

Now with full joy he can ſurvey
  Theſe worlds, and ev'ry ſhining blaze,
That countleſs in the milky way
  Only thro' glaſſes ſhew their rays.

Thouſands in thouſand arts excell'd,
  But often to one part confin'd:
While ev'ry ſcience ſtood reveal'd
  And clear to his capacious mind.

His penetration, moſt profound,
  Launch'd far in that extended ſea,
Where human minds can reach no bound,
  And never div'd ſo deep as he.

Sons of the eaſt and weſtern world,
  When on this leading ſtar ye gaze,
While magnets guide the ſail unfurl'd,
  Pay to his memory due praiſe.

Thro' ev'ry maze he was the guide;
  While others crawl'd, he ſoard above:
Yet modeſty, unſtain'd with pride,
  Increas'd his merit, and our love.

He ſhun'd the ſophiſtry of words,
  Which only hatch contentious ſpite;
His learning turn'd on what affords
  By *demonſtration* moſt delight.

Britain may honourably boaſt,
  And glory in her matchleſs Son,
Whoſe genius has *invented* moſt,
  And *finiſh'd* what the reſt begun.

Ye Fellows of the Royal Class,
  Who honour'd him to be your head,
Erect in finest stone and brass
  Statutes of the *illustrious dead*:

Altho' more lasting than them all,
  Or ev'n the Poet's highest strain,
His *works*, as long as wheels this ball,
  Shall his great memory sustain.

May from your Learned Band arise,
  Newtons to shine thro' future times,
And bring down knowledge from the skies,
  To plant on wild Barbarian climes.

'Till nations, few degrees from brutes,
  Be brought into each proper road,
Which leads to wisdom's happiest fruits,
  To know their Saviour and their God.

To WILLIAM SOMERVILE *of* Warwickshire, Esq; *on reading several of his excellent* Poems.

SIR, I have read, and much admire
  Your muse's gay and easy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire
  That gives the bright and chearful glow

I cou'd each line with joyous care,
  As I can such from sun to sun;
And like the glutton o'er his fare
  Delicious, thought them too soon done.

The witty smile, nature and art,
  In all your numbers so combine,
As to complete their just desert,
  And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your muse regard,
  When she like Pindar's spreads her wings;

And virtue being its own reward,
  Expresses by *The sister springs*.

Emotions tender croud the mind,
  When with the royal bard you go,
To sigh in notes divinely kind,
  The mighty fal'n on mount Gilbo.

Much surely was the virgin's joy,
  Who with the Iliad had your lays;
For e'er, and since the siege of Troy,
  We all delight in love and praise.

These heaven-born passions, such desire,
  I never yet cou'd think a crime;
But first-rate virtues which inspire
  The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,
  And pump for fame by empty boast,
Like your *gilt ass*, who stood to bray,
  'Till in a flame his tail he lost,

Him th' incurious bencher hits,
  With his own tale, so tight and clean,
That while I read, streams gush, by fits
  Of hearty laughter, from my een.

Old Chaucer, bard of vast ingine,
  Fontaine and Prior, who have sung
Blyth tales the best; had they heard thine
  On Lob, they'd own'd themselves out-done.

The plot's pursu'd with so much glee,
  The too officious Dog and Priest;
The *'Squire oppress'd*, I own, for me,
  I never heard a better jest.

Pope well describ'd an *Ombre game*,
  And *King revenging captive queen*;
He merits, but had won more fame,
  If author of your *Bowling-green*.

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
So natural, juſt, and with ſuch eaſe,
That while I read, upon my ſoul,
I wonder how I chance to pleaſe.

Yet I have pleas'd, and pleaſe the beſt;
And ſure to me laurels belong.
Since Britiſh fair, and 'mong the beſt;
Somerville's conſort likes my ſong.

Raviſh'd I heard th' harmonious fair
Sing, like a dweller of the ſky,
My verſes with a Scotian air;
Then ſaints were not ſo bleſt as I.

In her the valu'd charms unite;
She really is what all would ſeem,
Gracefully handſome, wiſe, and ſweet;
'Tis merit to have her eſteem.

Your noble kinſman, her lov'd mate,
Whoſe worth claims all the world's reſpect,
Met in her love a ſmiling fate,
Which has, and muſt have good effect.

You both from one great lineage ſpring,
Both from de Somervile, who came
With William, England's conquering king,
To win fair plains, and laſting fame.

Which 'nour he left to's eldeſt ſon,
That firſt-born chief you repreſent;
His ſecond came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'le takes deſcent.

On him and you may fate beſtow
Sweet balmy health and chearful fire,
As long's ye'd wiſh to live below,
Still bleſt with all you wou'd deſire.

O Sir! oblige the world, and ſpread
In print * thoſe and your other lays;

* Since the writing of this Ode, Mr. Somerville's

This ſhall be better'd while they read,
And after-ages ſound your praiſe.

I cou'd enlarge—but if I ſhou'd
On what you've wrote, my Ode wou'd run
Too great a length—your thoughts ſo croud,
To note them all I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a muſe,
Who on her Pictland hills ne'er tires;
Nor ſhou'd (when worth invites) refuſe,
To ſing the perſon ſhe admires.

An Epiſtle *from* Mr Somervile.

NEAR fair Avona's ſilver tide,
Whoſe waves in ſoft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted ſwains,
Your jocund ſongs, and rural ſtrains,
Smooth as her ſtreams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in vary'd beauties ſhow,
Like flow'rs that on her borders grow.
While I ſurvey, with raviſh'd eyes,
This * friendly gift, my valu'd prize,
Where ſiſter Arts, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty ſhine,
Alternately my ſoul is bleſt,
Now I behold my welcome gueſt,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So dear to all the brave and fair.
Nor has th' ingenius artiſt ſhown
His outward lineaments alone,
But in th' expreſſive draught deſign'd
The nobler beauties of his mind;

poems are printed by Mr. Lintot in an 8vo. vol.

* Lord Somervile was pleaſed to lend me his own picture and Mr. Ramſay's works.

True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
Unſtudied wit and manly ſenſe.
Then, as your book, I wander o'er,
And feaſt on the delicious ſtore,
(Like the laborious buſy bee,
Pleas'd with the ſweet variety)
With equal wonder and ſurpriſe,
I ſee reſembling portraits riſe.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the vulgar line the way.
Here the droll figures ſlily ſneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear.
There woods and lawns, a rural ſcene,
And ſwains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part
With greater genius, fire and art.
Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
That pants againſt the ſouthern wind,
And ſeeks the ſtreams thro' unknown ways:
No matron in her teeming days,
E'er felt ſuch longings, ſuch deſires
As I to view thoſe lofty ſpires,
Thoſe domes where fair Edina ſhrouds
Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.
But oh! what dangers interpoſe!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with ſnows,
Proud winter-floods, with rapid force,
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe!
But ſure we bards, whoſe purer clay
Nature has mixt with leſs allay,
Might ſoon find out an eaſier way.
Do not ſage matrons mount on high,
And ſwitch their broom-ſticks thro' the ſky;
Ride poſt o'er hills, and woods, and ſeas,
From Thule to the * Heſperides?
And yet the men of Greſham own
That this and ſtranger feats are done,
By a warm fancy's power alone.

* The Scilly iſlands were ſo called by the ancients, as Mr Camden obſerves.

This granted; why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the ſky?
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs muſt more intenſely glow,
Did not the Theban ſwan take wing,
Sublimely ſoar, and ſweetly ſing?
And do not we, of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier ſtrain,
Mount ſheer out of the reader's ſight,
Obſcurely loſt in clouds and night?
Then climb your Pegaſus with ſpeed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed:
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To ſwell the flood with crimſon gore;
Like the Cadmean murd'ring brood,
Each thirſting for his brother's blood,
For now all hoſtile rage ſhall ceaſe;
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,
Our honeſt hands and hearts ſhall join,
O'er jovial banquets, ſparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I ſhall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold—oh! take a ſpecial care,
T' admit no prying Kirkman there;
I dread the Penitential Chair.
What a ſtrange figure ſhould I make,
A poor abandon'd Engliſh rake;
A ſquire well-born, and ſix foot high,
Perch'd in that ſacred pillory?
Let ſpleen and zeal be baniſh'd thence,
And troubleſome impertinence,
That tells his ſtory o'er again;
Ill-manners and his ſaucy train,
And ſelf-conceit, and ſtiff-rumpt pride,
That grin at all the world beſide:
Foul ſcandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;
Fame's buſy hawker, light as air,
That feeds on frailties of the fair;

Envy, hypocrisy, deceit,
Fierce party-rage, and warm debate;
And all the hell hounds, that are foes
To friendship, and the world's repose.
But mirth instead, and dimpling smiles,
And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And toasts, that round the table sail:
While laughter, bursting thro' the croud
In vollies, tells our joys aloud.
Hark! the shrill piper mounts on high,
The woods, the streams, the rocks reply,
To his far founding melody.
Behold each lab'ring squeeze prepare
Supplies of modulated air.
Observe Croudero's active bow,
His head still nodding to and fro,
His eyes, his cheeks with raptures glow.
See, see the bashful nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated dance,
Flying still, the swains pursuing,
Yet with backward glances wooing.
This, this shall be the joyous scene;
Nor wanton elves that skim the green
Shall be so blest, so blyth, so gay
Or less regard what dotards say.
My Rose shall then your Thistle greet,
The union shall be more compleat;
And, in a bottle and a friend,
Each national dispute shall end.

ANSWER *to the above* EPISTLE *from* WILLIAM SOMERVILE, *Esq; of* Warwickshire.

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleasure,
On the receit, exceeded measure.

You write with ſo much ſp'rit and glee,
Sae ſmooth, ſae ſtrong, correct and free;
That any he (by you allow'd
To have ſome merit) may be proud.
If that's my fault, bear you the blame,
Wha've lent me ſic a lift to fame.
Your ain tours high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like a firſt-rate ſtar,
And all the world beſtow due praiſe
On the Collection of your lays;
Where various arts and turns combine,
Which even in parts firſt poets ſhine:
Like Mat and Swift ye ſing with eaſe,
And can be Waller when you pleaſe.
Continue, Sir, and ſhame the crew
That's plagu'd with having nought to do,
Who fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
But has deny'd a genius fit
For action or aſpiring wit;
Such kenna how t' employ their time,
And think activity a crime:
Aught they to either do, or ſay,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!
When money, their Factotum's able
To furniſh them a numerous rabble,
Who will, for daily drink and wages,
Be chair-men, chaplains, clerks, and pages:
Could they, like you, employ their hours
In planting theſe delightful flowers,
Which carpet the poetic fields,
And laſting funds of pleaſure yields;
Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away,
Or ſleep or loiter out the day,
Or waſte the night, damning their ſaule
In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls:
Whence pox and poverty proceed
An early eild, and ſpirits dead.
Reverſe of you;—and him you love,
Whoſe brighter ſpirit tours above

The mob of thoughtless lords and beaux,
Who in his ilka action shows
'True friendship, love, benevolence,
'Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense.'
Allow here what you've said yourself,
Nought can b' exprest so just and well:
To him and her, worthy his love,
And every blessing from above,
A son is given, God save the bow,
For theirs and every Som'rll's joy.
Ye wardens, round him take your place,
And raise him with each manly grace;
Make his Meridian virtues shine,
To add fresh lustres to his line:
And many may the mother see
Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, Sir, when Boreas nae mair thunds
Hail, snaw and sleet, frae blacken'd clouds;
While Caledonian hills are green,
And a' her Straths delight the een;
While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
And a' the year its beauty shows;
Before again the winter lour,
What hinders then your northern tour?
Be sure of welcome: nor believe
These wha an ill report would give
To Ed'nburgh and the land of cake,
That nought what's necessary lacks.
Here plenty's goddess frae her horn
Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,
In blyth abundance;—and yet mair,
Our men are brave, our ladies fair.
Nor will North Britain yield for fouth
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
To ony but her sister South.

True, rugged roads are cursed dreigh,
And speats aft roar frae mountains heigh:
The body tires,—poor tottering clay,
And likes with ease at hame to stay;

While fauls ſtride warlds at ilka ſtent,
And can their widening views extend.
Mine ſees you, while you chearfu' roam
On ſweet Avona's flow'ry howm,
There recollecting, with full view,
Theſe follies which mankind purſue;
While, conſcious of ſuperior merit;
You riſe with a correcting ſpirit;
And, as an agent of the gods,
Laſh them with ſharp ſatyric rods:
Labour divine!—Next, for a change,
O'er hill and dale I ſee you range
After the fox or whidding hare,
Confirming health in pureſt air;
While joy frae heights and dales reſounds,
Rais'd by the Hola, Horn, and Hounds:
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd the chace out run,
I ſee the friend, and ſetting ſun,
Invite you to the temp'rate bicquor,
Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.
The clock ſtrikes twelve, to reſt you bound,
To ſave your health by ſleeping ſound.
Thus with cool head and healſome breaſt
You ſee new day ſtream frae the eaſt:
Then all the muſes round you ſhine,
Inſpiring every thought divine;
Be long their aid—Your years and bleſſes,
Your ſervant ALLAN RAMSAY wiſhes.

****

REASONS *for not anſwering the* Hackney Scribblers, *my obſcure Enemies.*

THESE to my blyth indulgent friends;
Dull faes nought at my hand deſerve:
To pump an anſwer's a their ends;
But not ae line if they ſhould ſtarve.

Wha e'er ſhall with a midding fight,
Of victory will be beguil'd;

Dealers in dirt will be to dight,
  Fa' they aboon or 'neath they're fil'd.

It helps my character to heez,
  When I'm the butt of creeping fools;
The warld, by their daft medley sees,
  That I've nae enemies but fools.

But sae it has been, and will be,
  While real poets rise to fame,
Sic poor Macflecknos will let flee
  Their venom, and still miss their aim.

Should ane like Young or Somer'le write,
  Some canker'd coot can say, 'tis wrang:
Or Pope sic mungrels shaw'd their spite,
  And shot at Addison their stang.

But well, dear Spec, the feckless asses!
  To wiest insects even'd and painted,
Sic as by magnifying glasses
  Are only kend when throu' them tented.

The blundering fellows ne'er forget,
  About my trade to f——their fancies,
As if, forsooth, I wad look blate
  At what my honour maist advances.

Auld Homer sang for's daily bread;
  Surprising Shakespear sin'd the wool:
Great Virgil creels and baskets made;
  And famous Ben employ'd the trowel.

Yet Dorset, Lansdown, Lauderdale,
  Bucks, Stirling, and the son of Angus,
Even monarchs, and of men the wale,
  Were proud to be inrow'd amang us.

Then hackneys, write till ye gae wood,
  Drudge for the hawkers day and night:
Your malice cannot move my mood,
  And equally your praise I slight.

I've gotten mair of fame than's due,
  Which is secur'd amang the best;
And shou'd I tent the like of you,
  A little saul wad be confest.

Nae mastive minds a yamphing cur;
  A craig desses a frothy wave;
Nor will a lion raise his fur,
  Altho' a monkey misbehave.

Nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere.

To Mr DONALD MACEWEN, *Jeweller, at St Petersburg.*

HOW far frae hame my friend seeks fame!
  And yet I canna wyte ye,
T' employ your fire, and still aspire
  By virtues that delyte ye.

Should fortune lour, 'tis in your power,
  If heaven grant bawmy health,
T' enjoy ilk hour a saul unsowr;
  Content's nae bairn of wealth.

It is the mind that's not confin'd
  To passions mean and vile,
That's never pin'd, while thoughts refin'd
  Can gloomy cares beguile.

Then Donald may be e'en as gay
  On Russia's distant shore,
As on the Tay, where usquebae
  He us'd to drink before.

But howsoe'er, haste gather gear,
  And syne pack up your treasure;
Then to Auld Reekie, come and beek ye,
  And close your days with pleasure.

To the same, on receiving a Present from him of a Seal, Homer's Head, *finely cut in Crystal, and set in Gold.*

THANKS to my frank ingenious friend:
Your present's most genteel and kind,
Baith rich and shining as your mind:
And that immortal laurell'd pow,
Upon the gem sae well design'd
And execute, sets me on low.

The heavenly fire inflames my breast,
Whilst I unweary'd am in quest
Of fame, and hope that ages niest
Will do their highland bard the grace,
Upon their seals to cut his crest,
And blytheſt strakes of his short face.

Far less great Homer ever thought
(When he, harmonious beggar! sought
His bread throu' Greece) he should be brought
Frae Russia's shore by Captain † Hugh,
To Pictland plains, sae finely wrought
On precious stone, and set by you.

A Ballad *on bonny* Kate.

CEASE, poets, your cunning devising
Of rhymes that low beauties o'er-rate;
They all, like the stars at the rising
Of Phoebus, must yield to fair Kate.

We sing, and we think it our duty
To admire the kind blessings of fate,

† Capt. Hugh Eccles, master of a fine merchant ship, which he lost in the unhappy fire at St. Petersburg.

That has favour'd the earth with ſuch beauty,
As ſhines ſo divinely in Kate.

In her ſmiles, in her features and glances,
The graces ſhine forth in full ſtate,
While the god of love dang'rouſly dances
On the neck and white boſom of Kate.

How ſtraight, how well-turned, and genteel, are
Her limbs! and how graceful her gait!
Their hearts made of ſtone, or of ſteel are,
That are not adorers of Kate.

But ah! what a ſad palpitation
Feels the heart, and how ſimple and blate
Muſt he look, almoſt dead with vexation,
Whoſe love is fixt hopeleſs on Kate?

Had I all the charms of Adonis,
And galleons freighted with plate,
As Solomon wiſe; I'd think none is
So worthy of all as dear Kate.

Ah! had ſhe for me the ſame paſſion,
I'd tune the lyre early and late;
The ſage's ſong on his Circaſſian,
Should yield to my ſonnets on Kate.

His pleaſure each moment ſhall bloſſom,
Unfading, gets her for his mate;
He'll graſp every bliſs in his boſom,
That's linked by Hymen to Kate.

Pale envy may raiſe up falſe ſtories,
And hell may prompt malice and hate;
But nothing ſhall ſully their glories,
Who are ſhielded with virtue like Kate.

This name, ſay ye, many a laſs has,
And t' apply it may raiſe a debate;
But ſure he as dull as an aſs is,
That cannot join Cochran to Kate.

To Dr. J. C. who got the foregoing to give to the young Lady.

HERE, happy Doctor, take this sonnet,
Bear to the Fair the faithful strains:
Now, make a leg, and d'off your bonnet;
And get a kiss for Allan's pains.

For such a ravishing reward,
The Cloud Compeller's self would try
To imitate a British bard,
And bear his ballads from the sky.

****

PROLOGUE *before the acting of* AURENGZEBE *and the* DRUMMER, *by the young Gentlemen of the Grammar-School of Haddington, August* 1727, *spoke by Mr* Charles Cockburn, *Son to* Colonel Cockburn.

BE hush, ye croud, who pressing round appear
Only to stare—we speak to those can hear
The nervous phrase, which raises thoughts more high,
When added action leads them thro' the eye.
To paint fair virtue, humours and mistakes,
Is what our school with pleasure undertakes,
Thro' various incidents of life led on
By Dryder, and immortal Addison;
Those study'd men, and knew the various springs
That mov'd the minds of Coachmen and of Kings.
Altho' we're young—allow us thought so mean,
That any here's to act the Harlequin:
We leave such dumb show mimickry to fools,
Beneath the sp'rit of Caledonian Schools.
Learning's our aim, and all our care, to reach
At elegance and gracefulness of speech,

And the Addreſs from baſhfulneſs refin'd,
Which hangs a weight upon a worthy mind.
The Grammar's good, but pedantry brings down
The gentle Dunce below the ſprightly Clown.
'Get ſeven ſcore verſe of Ovid's Triſt by heart,
'To rattle-o'er, else I ſhall make ye ſmart,'
Cry ſnarling Dominies that little ken:
Such may teach parrots, but our * Leſly men.

EPILOGUE *after the acting of the* DRUMMER.
Spoke by Mr Maurice Cockburn, *another Son of* Colonel Cockburn's.

OUR plays are done—now criticiſe, and ſpare not;
And tho' you are not fully pleas'd, we care not,
We have a reaſon on our ſide—and that is,
Your treat has one good property—'tis *gratis*.
We've pleas'd ourſelves; and if we have good judges,
We value not a head where nothing lodges.
The generous men of ſenſe will kindly praiſe us,
And, if we make a little ſnapper, raiſe us:
Such know the aſpiring ſoul at manly dawn,
Abhors the ſow'r rebuke and carping thrawin;
But riſes on the hope of a great name,
Up all the rugged roads that lead to fame,
Our breaſts already pant to gain renown
At Senates, Courts, by Arms, or by the Gown;
Or by improvements of paternal fields,
Which never failing joy and plenty yields,
Or by deep draughts of the Caſtalian ſprings,
To ſoar with Mantuan or Horatian wings.

* Mr John Leſly, maſter of the ſchool, a gentleman of true learning, who by his excellent method, moſt worthily fills his place.

Hey boys! the day's our ain! the Ladies ſmile!
Which over recompenſes all our toil!
Delights of mankind, tho' in ſome ſmall parts
We are deficient, yet our wills and hearts
Are yours; and when more perfect, ſhall endeavour,
By acting better, to ſecure your favour:
To ſpinnets then retire, and play a few tunes,
Till we get thro' our Gregories and Newtons;
And, ſome years hence, we'll tell another tale;
Till then, ye bonny blooming buds,—farewell.

PROLOGUE *ſpoken by Mr* Anthony Aſton, *the firſt Night he acted in Winter*, 1726.

'TIS I,—dear Caledonians, blythſome Tony,
That oft, laſt winter, pleas'd the brave and bonny
With medly, merry ſong, and comic ſcene:
Your kindneſs then has brought me here again:
After a circuit round the queen of iſles,
To gain your friendſhip and approving ſmiles.
Experience bids me hope;——tho' ſouth the Tweed
The daſtards ſaid, 'He never will ſucceed:
'What! ſuch a country look for any good in!
'That does not reliſh plays,—nor pork,—nor pudding!'
Thus great Columbus, by an idiot crew,
Was ridicul'd, at firſt, for his juſt view;
Yet his undaunted ſpirit ne'er gave ground
Till he a new and better world had found.
So I——laúgh on——the ſimile is bold;
But faith 'tis juſt: for 'till this body's cold,
Columbus like, I'll puſh for fame and gold.

And the Addreſs from baſhfulneſs refin'd,
Which hangs a weight upon a worthy mind.
The Grammar's good, but pedantry brings down
The gentle Dunce below the ſprightly Clown.
'Get ſeven ſcore verſe of Ovid's Triſt by heart,
'To rattle-o'er, elſe I ſhall make ye ſmart,'
Cry ſnarling Dominies that little ken:
Such may teach parrots, but our * Leſly men.

EPILOGUE *after the acting of the* DRUMMER. *Spoke by Mr* Maurice Cockburn, *another Son of* Colonel Cockburn's.

OUR plays are done—now criticiſe, and ſpare not;
And tho' you are not fully pleas'd, we care not,
We have a reaſon on our ſide—and that is,
Your treat has one good property—'tis *gratis*.
We've pleas'd ourſelves; and if we have good judges,
We value not a head where nothing lodges.
The generous men of ſenſe will kindly praiſe us,
And, if we make a little ſnapper, raiſe us:
Such know the aſpiring ſoul at manly dawn,
Abhors the ſow'r rebuke and carping thrawin;
But riſes on the hope of a great name,
Up all the rugged roads that lead to fame,
Our breaſts already pant to gain renown
At Senates, Courts, by Arms, or by the Gown;
Or by improvements of paternal fields,
Which never failing joy and plenty yields,
Or by deep draughts of the Caſtalian ſprings,
To ſoar with Mantuan or Horatian wings.

* Mr John Leſly, maſter of the ſchool, a gentleman of true learning, who by his excellent method, moſt worthily fills his place.

Hey boys! the day's our ain! the Ladies ſmile!
Which over recompenſes all our toil!
Delights of mankind, tho' in ſome ſmall parts
We are deficient, yet our wills and hearts
Are yours; and when more perfect, ſhall endeavour,
By acting better, to ſecure your favour:
To ſpinnets then retire, and play a few tunes,
Till we get thro' our Gregories and Newtons;
And, ſome years hence, we'll tell another tale;
Till then, ye bonny blooming buds,—farewell.

PROLOGUE *ſpoken by Mr* Anthony Aſton, *the firſt Night he acted in Winter*, 1726.

'TIS I,—dear Caledonians, blythſome Tony,
That oft, laſt winter, pleas'd the brave and bonny
With medly, merry ſong, and comic ſcene:
Your kindneſs then has brought me here again:
After a circuit round the queen of iſles,
To gain your friendſhip and approving ſmiles.
Experience bids me hope;——tho' ſouth the Tweed
The daſtards ſaid, 'He never will ſucceed:
'What! ſuch a country look for any good in!
'That does not reliſh plays,—nor pork,—nor pudding!'
Thus great Columbus, by an idiot crew,
Was ridicul'd, at firſt, for his juſt view;
Yet his undaunted ſpirit ne'er gave ground
Till he a new and better world had found.
So I——laúgh on——the ſimile is bold;
But faith 'tis juſt: for 'till this body's cold,
Columbus like, I'll puſh for fame and gold.

A CHARACTER.

OF judgment juſt, and fancy clear,
Induſtrious, yet not avaritious;
No ſlave to groundleſs hope and fear,
Chearful, yet hating to be vitious.

From envy free, tho' prais'd, not vain,
Ne'er acting without honour's warrant;
Still equal, generous, and humane,
As huſband, maſter, friend and parent.

So modeſt, as ſcarce to be known
By glaring, proud, conceited aſſes,
Whoſe little ſpirits aſten frown
On ſuch as their leſs worth ſurpaſſes.

Ye'll own he's a deſerving man,
That in theſe out-lines ſtands before ye;
And trowth the picture I have drawn,
Is very like my friend *———.

ODE *to* ALEXANDER MURRAY *of* Brughton, Eſq *on his* Marriage *with* Lady EUPHEMIA. Daughter *to the Right Hon. the* Earl *of* GALLOWAY.

'TIS conquering love can move
The beſt to all that's great;
It ſweetly binds two equal minds,
And makes a happy ſtate,
When ſuch as Murray, of a temper even,
And honour'd worth, receives a mate from heaven,
Joy to you, Sir, and joy to her,
Whoſe ſofter charms can ſooth,

* The character, though true has ſomething in it ſo great that my too modeſt friend will not allow me to ſet his name to it.

With ſmiling power, a ſullen hour,
And make your life flow ſmooth.
Man's but unfiniſh'd, till by Hymen's ties
His ſweeter half look'd in his boſom lyes.
The general voice approve your choice,
Their ſentiments agree,
With fame allow'd, that ſhe's a good
Branch ſprung from a right tree.
Long may the graces of her mind delight
Your ſoul, and long her beauties bleſs your ſight.
May the bright guard, who love reward,
With man recoyn'd again,
In offspring fair make her their care,
In hours of joyful pain:
And may my Patron healthful live to ſee,
By her a brave and bonny progeny.
Let youthful ſwains who 'tend your plains,
Touch the tun'd reed, and ſing,
While maids advance, in ſprightly dance,
All in the rural ring;
And with the muſe thank the immortal powers,
Placing with joy Euphemia's name with your's.

ODE *to the* Memory *of* Mrs FORBES, Lady NEWHALL.

AH life! thou ſhort uncertain blaze,
Scarce worthy to be wiſh'd or lov'd,
When by ſtrict death ſo many ways
So ſoon the ſweeteſt are remov'd.
In prime of life and lovely glow,
The dear Brucina muſt ſubmit;
Nor could ward off the fatal blow,
With every beauty, grace, and wit.
If outward charms, and temper ſweet,
The chearful ſmile, and thought ſublime
Could have preſerv'd, ſhe ne'er had met
A change 'till death had ſunk with time.

Her ſoul glanc'd with each heavenly ray,
  Her form with all theſe beauties fair,
For which young brides and mothers pray,
  And wiſh for to their infant care.
Sow'r ſpleen or anger, paſſion rude,
  Theſe oppoſites to peace and heaven,
Ne'er pal'd her cheek, or fir'd her blood:
  Her mind was ever calm and even.
Come, faireſt nymphs, and gentle ſwains,
  Give looſe to tears of tender love;
Strow fragrant flowers on her remains,
  While ſighing round her grave you move.
In mournful notes your pain expreſs,
  While with reflection you run o'er,
How excellent, how good ſhe was!
  She was! alas! but is no more!
Yet pioufly correct your moan,
  And raiſe religious thoughts on high,
After her ſpotleſs ſoul; that's gone
  To joys that ne'er can fade or die.

On a Slate's *falling from a houſe on* Mrs M. M—k's Breaſt.

WAS Venus angry, and in ſpite
  Allow'd that ſtane to fa',
Imagining theſe breaſts ſo white
  Contain'd a heart of ſnaw?
Was her wing'd Son ſae cankert ſet
  To wound her lovely ſkin,
Becauſe his arrows could not get
  A paſſage farder in?
No; ſhe is to love's goddeſs dear,
  Her ſmiling boy's delight—
It was ſome hag that doughtna bear
  Sic charms to vex her ſight.

Some silly sow'r pretending saint,
In heart an imp of hell,
Whase hale religion lies in cant,
Her vertue in wrang zeal;
She threw the stane, and ettled death;
But watching Zylphs flew round,
To guard dear Madie from all skaith,
And quickly cur'd the wound.

To my kind and worthy Friends *in* IRELAND, *who on a* REPORT *of my* DEATH, *made and published several* Elegies, Lyric *and* Pastoral, *very much to my Honour.*

SIGHING shepherds of Hibernia,
O Thank ye for your kind concern a',
When a fause report, beguiling,
Prev'd a draw-back on your smiling;
Dight your een, and cease your grieving,
Allan's hale, and well, and living,
Singing, laughing, sleeping soundly,
Sowing beef, and drinking roundly;
Drinking roundly rum and claret,
Ale and usquæ, bumpers fair out,
Supernaculum but spilling,
The least diamond * drawing, filling;
Sowing sonnets on the lasses,
Sounding satires at the asses,
Smiling at the surly critics,
And the pack-horse of politics;
Painting meadows, schaws and mountains,
Crooking burns and flowing fountains,
Flowing fountains, where ilk gowan
Grows about the borders glowan,

* See page 15.

Swelling ſweetly, and inviting
Poets lays and lovers meeting;
Meeting kind to niffer kiſſes,
Bargaining for better bliſſes.
  Hills in dreary dumps now lying,
And ye Zephyrs ſwiftly flying,
And ye rivers gently turning,
And ye Philomellas mourning,
And ye double ſighing echoes,
Ceaſe your ſobbing, tears, and hey ho's!
Baniſh a' your care and grieving,
Allan's hale, and well, and living,
Early up on morning's ſhining,
Ilka fancy warm refining.
Giving ilka verſe a burniſh
That maun ſecond volume furniſh,
To bring in frae lord and lady
Meikle fame and part of *ready*;
Splendid thing of conſtant motion,
Fiſh'd for in the ſouthern ocean;
Prop of gentry, nerve of battles,
Prize for which the gameſter rattles;
Belzie's banes, deceitfu', kittle,
Riſking a' to gain a little.
  Pleaſing Philip's tunefu' tickle,
Philomel, and kind Arbuckle;
Singers ſweet, baith lads and laſſes,
Tuning pipes on hill Parnaſſus,
Allan kindly to you wiſhes
Laſting life, and rowth of bliſſes;
And that he may, when ye ſurrender
Sauls to heaven, in numbers tender,
Give a' your fames a happy heezy,
And gratefully immortalize ye,

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A

PASTORAL COMEDY.

Inſcribed to the Right Honourable

SUSANNA,

COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a deſire to pleaſe the beſt, have ever encouraged the Poets to finiſh their deſigns with chearfulneſs. But conſcious of their own inability to oppoſe a ſtorm of ſpleen and haughty ill-nature, it is geuerally an ingenious cuſtom among them to chuſe ſome honourable ſhade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Paſtoral under your Ladyſhip's protection. If my Patroneſs ſays the Shepherds ſpeak as they ought, and that there are ſeveral natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I ſhall have good reaſon to think myſelf ſafe from the awkward cenſure of ſome pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am ſure of vaſt numbers that will croud into your Ladyſhip's opinion, and think it their honour to agree

in their ſentiments with the Counteſs of Eglintoun, whoſe penetration, ſuperior wit, and ſound judgment ſhines with an uncommon luſtre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodneſs and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyſhip, here, Madam, I might gave the fulleſt liberty to my muſe to delineate the fineſt of women, by drawing your Ladyſhip's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer, ſince flattery lies not in paying what's due to merit, but in praiſes miſplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyſhip's honourable birth and alliance, the field's ample, and preſents us with numberleſs great and good Patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: be that the care of the herald and hiſtorian. 'Tis perſonal merit, and the heavenly ſweetneſs of the fair, that inſpire the tuneful lays: here every Leſbia muſt be excepted whoſe tongues give liberty to the ſlaves which their eyes had made captives; ſuch may be flattered: but your Ladyſhip juſtly claims our admiration and profoundeſt reſpect; for whilſt you are poſſeſt of every outward charm in the moſt perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wiſdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyſhip's mind, command devotion.

'All this is very true,' cries one of better ſenſe than good nature, 'but what occaſion have you to tell us the ſun ſhines, 'when we have the uſe of our eyes, and feel his influence?'——Very true, but I have the liberty to uſe the poet's privilege, which is, 'To ſpeak what every body thinks.' Indeed there might be ſome ſtrength in the reflection, if the Idalian regiſters were of as ſhort duration as life; but the bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiſe-worthy pleaſure in communicating to poſterity the fame of diſtinguiſhed characters——I write this laſt ſentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: but if I ſhall prove ſo happy as to pleaſe your Ladyſhip in the following attempt,

then all my doubts ſhall vaniſh like a morning vapour: I ſhall hope to be claſſed with Taſſo and Guarini, and ſing with Ovid,

'If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
'One half of round eternity is mine.

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

To the Countess *of* EGLINTOUN, *with the following* Pastoral.

ACCEPT, O Eglintoun! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays!
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious here, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The GENTLE SHEPHERD's tender tale of love.
Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Cur'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent!
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In Charlot's smile, or in Maria's frown.
With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:
He speaks his love so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the rural State beſtows
Conqueſt o'er life, and freedom from its woes:
Secure alike from envy and from care,
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depreſs'd by fear:
Nor Want's lean hand its happineſs conſtrains,
Nor Riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No ſecret guilt its ſteadfaſt peace deſtroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Bleſt ſtill to ſpend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodneſs, and in calm content:
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinleſs and pure, in fair Humeia's ſoul.
But now the Rural State theſe joys has loſt:
Even ſwains no more that innocence can boaſt:
Love ſpeaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now happineſs forſakes her bleſt retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where ſhe fix'd her ſeat;
The pleaſing fields ſhe wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright ſober race.
When on the ſunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the ſons of men,
To crown the pleaſures of the blamleſs feaſt,
She uninvited came a welcome gueſt;
Ere yet an age, grown rich in inpious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate, and ſinful pride ſucceed,
Cruel revenge, and falſe unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rleſs beauty loſt the power to move;
The ruſt of lucre ſtain'd the gold of love:
Bounteous no more, and hoſpitably good,
The genial hearth firſt bluſh'd with ſtrangers blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And ſemblant falſhood puts on truth's diſguiſe:
The peaceful houſhold fill'd with dire alarms;
The raviſh'd virgin mourns her ſlighted charms;
The voice of impious mirth is heard around,
In guilt they feaſt, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpuniſh'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And happineſs forſakes the guilty ſwains.

Oh Happineſs! from human race retir'd,
Where art thou to be found by all deſir'd?
Nun ſober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in ſhades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aſpect mild! ah why, unkind,
Fly'ſt thou, diſpleas'd the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our ſteps to find the ſecret cell,
Where, with thy ſire Content thou lov'ſt to dwell.
Or ſay, do'ſt thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Do'ſt thou purſue the voice of them that call
To noiſy revel and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet when we feaſt our ſoul,
Do'ſt thou inſpire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' induſtrious planter do'ſt thou talk,
Converſing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miſer e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and ſtudious of the treaſur'd gold?
Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still muſing ſilent at the morning hour?
May we thy preſence hope in war's alarms,
In Stairs's wiſdom, or in Erſkine's charms.
In vain our flatt'ring hopes our ſteps beguile,
The flying good eludes the ſearcher's toil:
In vain we ſeek the city or the cell.
Alone with virtue knows the power to dwell:
Nor need mankind deſpair thoſe joys to know,
The gift themſelves may on themſelves beſtow:
Soon, ſoon we might the precious bleſſing boaſt,
But many paſſions muſt the bleſſing coſt;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's ſtate;
Revenge no more muſt in our hearts remain,
Or burning luſt, or avarice of gain.
When theſe are in the human boſom nurſt,
Can peace reſide in dwellings ſo accurſt;
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breaſt,
Calm and ſerene enjoys the heavenly gueſt;
From the tumultuous rule of paſſions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and ſpotles in thy deed:

In virtues rich, in goodneſs unconfin'd,
Thou ſhin'ſt a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How ſwift to praiſe, how guiltleſs to defame?
Bold in thy preſence Baſhfulneſs appears,
And backward merit loſes all its fears:
Supremely bleſt by heaven, heav'n's richeſt grace,
Confeſt is thine an early blooming race;
Whoſe pleaſing ſmiles ſhall guardian wiſdom arm,
Divine inſtruction! taught of thee to charm:
What tranſports ſhall they to thy ſoul impart
(The conſcious tranſports of a parent's heart)
When thou behold'ſt them of each grace poſſeſt,
And ſighing youths imploring to be bleſt:
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the viſit, or the dance to ſhine?
Thrice happy! who ſucceed their mother's praiſe,
The lovely Eglintouns of other days.
Mean while, peruſe the following tender ſcenes,
And liſten to thy native poet's ſtrains:
In ancient garb the home-bred muſe appears,
The garb our muſes wore in former years:
As in a glaſs reflected, here behold
How ſmiling goodneſs look'd in days of old:
Nor bluſh to read where beauty's praiſe is ſhown,
Or virtuous love, the likeneſs of thy own;
While 'midſt the various gifts that gracious heaven
To thee, in whom it is well-pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee moſt,
T' enjoy that Innocence the world has loſt.

W. H.

To JOSIAH BURCHET, *Esq*; Secretary *of the* Admiralty, *with the* first Scene *of the* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE nipping frosts, and driving sna,
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfou, gay and bra'
Invites to sing.

Then lets begin by creek of day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since Burchet awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously,
To weaker sight,
Set these * rude sonnets sung by me
In trueft light.

In trueft light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine,
Sma' need he has of sangs like mine,
To beet his name;
For frae the north to southern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
Whilst hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,
Wha vainly strave upon the tide
T' invade these lands

* To weaker sight, set these, &c.] Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,
Which ſtill commands.

Theſe doughty actions frae his pen *,
Our age, and theſe to come, ſhall ken,
How ſtubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,
How free-born Britons faught like men,
Their faes like ſlaves.

Sae far inſcribing, Sir, to you,
This country ſang my fancy flew,
Keen your juſt merit to purſue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praiſes that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
May powers aboon with kindly care,
Grant you a lang and muckle ſkair
Of a' that's good,
Till unto langeſt life and mair
You've healthfu' ſtood.

May never care your bleſſings ſow'r,
And may the muſes, ilka hour,
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r,
I'm but a callan:
Yet may I pleaſe you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

---

* Frae his pen] His valuable naval hiſtory.

THE PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY,
PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.
ROGER, a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.
SYMON, } two old Shepherds, tenants to Sir William.
GLAUD, }
BAULDY, a Hynd engaged with Neps.

WOMEN.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's Niece,
JENNY, Glaud's only Daughter,
MAUSE, an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.
ELSPA, Symon's Wife.
MADGE, Glaud's Sister.

SCENE, *A Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action within twenty-four hours.

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.
Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.
Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.
Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.
Fifth Act begins by Day light next Morning.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the balesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring:
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune.* The wawking of the faulds.

PATIE. *My Peggy is a young thing,*
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae wair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To all the lave I'm cauld:
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,

That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld.
And nathing gi'es me sic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tuld,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

THIS funny morning, Roger, chears my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How hartsom is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants;
How halesome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:
But I, oppreſt with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the [hive,
The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but its no easy done
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out of tune.
Ye have sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling baith of auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,

And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye have I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farther ben.

Patie. But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mice,
Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
The o'ercome only fashes sowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss:
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench:
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I sald tham ilka clute
At the West port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round:
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast;
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a creep yet with the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens;
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

Roger. Indeed now, Patie, ye have gueſs'd o'er true,
And there is nathing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon aſquint;
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate:
But yeſterday I met her yont a know,
She fled as frae a ſhelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell of tar.
Patie. But Bauldy looes not her, right well I wat,
He ſighs for Neps;—ſae that may ſtand for that.
Roger. I wiſh I cou'dna looe her—but in vain,
I ſtill maun doat, and thole her proud diſdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he yowl'd ſair ſhe ſtrak the poor dumb tyke;
If I had fill'd a nook within her breaſt,
She wad have ſhown mair kindneſs to my beaſt.
When I begin to tune my ſtock and horn,
With a' her face ſhe ſhaws a caulrife ſcorn.
Laſt night I play'd, ye never heard ſic ſpite;
O'er Bogie was the ſpring, and her delyte:
Yet tautingly ſhe at her couſin ſpear'd,
Gif ſhe could tell what tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whiſtle mair.
Patie. E'en do ſae, Roger, wha can help miſluck?
Seabins ſhe be ſic a thrawin gabbit chuck,
Yonder's a craig, ſince ye have tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.
Roger. I needna mak ſic ſpeed my blood to ſpill,
I'll warrant death come ſoon enough a-will.
Pate. Daft gowk! leave aff that filly whing'n way;
Seem careleſs, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I ſerv'd my laſs I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Laſt morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,
I ſaw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
I ſaw my Meg, but Peggy ſaw na me;

For yet the ſun was wading thro' the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſe upon me e'er ſhe wiſt,
Her coats were kiltit, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare legs that whiter were than ſnaw.
Her cockernony ſnooded up fou ſleek,
Her haſſet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks ſae ruddy, and her een ſae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in buſtine waiſtcoat clean,
As ſhe came ſkiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythſome, I cry'd, my bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're ſo ſoon aſteer?
But I can gueſs, ye'er gawn to gather dew;
She ſcour'd awa', and ſaid, What's that to you?
Then fare ye weel, Meg-Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveleſs errand back:
Miſcaw'd me firſt——then bad me hound my dog,
To wear up three waſſ ews ſtray'd on the bog.
I leugh; and ſae did ſhe; then with great haſte
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waiſt;
About her yielding waiſt, and took a ſouth
Of ſweeteſt kiſſes frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my grips,
My very ſaul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe flet wi' me 'tween ilka ſmack,
But weel I kend ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your thumb.
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her mood:
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune*, Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:

But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse—then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue:
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair-fa your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane: for now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine;)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawflock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue:
With spraings like gowd, and siller cross'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Red up my reavel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.
Patie. Weel, ha'd ye there——and since ye've frankly made
To me a present of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll take my advice.
Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't;
Now tak it out and gie's a bonny spring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.
Patie. But first we'll take a turn up to the height
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please:
Might please the dentiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat with health, instead of spice.

When we have tane the grace drink at this well,
I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like mysell. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,
A troting burnie wimpling throw the ground,
Its channel peebles, shining smooth and round,
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.

PEGGY *and* JENNY.

Jenny. COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.
Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' that's sweet in spring and simmer grow:
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a singand din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirles the bord'ring grass.
We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash our sells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.
Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say
Giff our twa herds come brattling down the brae
And see us sae? that jeering fallow, Pate,
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're no blate.
Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the hight;

But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I:
That Roger loo's ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.
Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He falds his owrelay down his breast with care,
And sew gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*
Peg. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
What like's a dorty maiden, when she's auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

SANG IH. *Tune.* Polwart on the Green.

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats tho' hunger crave.
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by itself abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.
Peggy. Nor I—but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.
Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause:
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.
Peggy. Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.
Jenny. Heh, lass! how can ye loo that rattle skull?
A very deel, that ay maun have his will.
We soon will hear what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye'er man and wife.
Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There he may kiss as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will: why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.
Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane:
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
And may be, in his barlichoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV. Tune, *O dear mother, what ſhall I do?*

O dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betide you.
Laſſes, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd;
Running to a life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peggy. Sic coarſe ſpun thoughts as that want pith to move
My ſettl'd mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae other ſkaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has ſic a ſmile, or ſic twa glancing een.
And then he ſpeaks with ſic a taking art,
His words they thirle like muſic thro' my heart;
How blythly can he ſport, and gently rave;
And jeſt at little fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle ſkill;
He is—but what need I ſay that or this,
I'd ſpend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he ſays or does, there ſic a gate,
The reſt ſeem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate,
His better ſenſe will lang his love ſecure:
Ill nature hefts in ſauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. Tune, *How can I be ſad on my wedding-day?*

How ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than ony of thae
Sour weak ſilly fellows, that ſtudy like fools,
To ſink their ain joy, and make their wives ſnools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;
He praiſes her virtue, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

Jenny. Hey *Bonny Lass of Bankſome*, or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a ſang.
O 'tis a pleaſant thing to be a bride;
Syne whindging getts about your ingle-ſide,
Yelping for this or that with faſheous din:
To make them brats then ye maun toil and ſpin.
Ae wean fa's ſick, an ſcads itſelf wi' brue,
Ane breaks his ſhin, anither tines his ſhoe.
The *Deel ga'es o'er John Wabſter*: hame grows hell;
When Pate miſcaws ye war than tongue can tell.
Peggy. Yes it's a' heartſome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young ſprouts are riſe.
Gif I'm ſae happy, I ſhall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleaſure be
Than ſee ſic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at——their greateſt wiſh,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiſs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?
Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warſt of a'.
Gif o'er your heads ill chance ſhould begg'ry draw:
There little love or canty chear can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the ſpate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—
The thick blawn wreaths of ſnaw, or blaſhy thows,
May ſmoor your wathers, and may rot your ews;
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheeſe,
But or the day of payment breaks and flees.
With glooman brow the laird ſeeks in his rent:
'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent:
His honour maunna want; he poinds your gear:
Syne driven frae houſe and hald, where will ye ſteer?
Dear Meg, be wiſe, and lead a ſingle life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.
Peggy. May ſic ill luck befa' that filly ſhe
Wha has ſic fears, for that was never me.
Let ſowk bode weel, and ſtrive to do their beſt:
Nae mair's requir'd; let heaven make out the reſt.

I've heard my honeſt uncle aften ſay,
That lads ſhould a' for wives that's vertuous pray;
For the maiſt thrifty man could never get
A weil ſtor'd room, unleſs his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht ſhall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raiſe my Shepherd's heart:
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue, at market, tron, or fair,
For healſome, clean, cheap, and ſufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheeſe, butter, and ſome woo,
Shall firſt be ſald to pay the laird his due:
Syne a' behind's our ain——thus without fear,
With love and rowth we throw the warld will ſteer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bleſs the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if ſome young giglit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half worn Meg,
And her kend kiſſes, hardly worth a feg?

Peggy. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's ſome men conſtanter in love than we;
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has bleſt them with ſolidity of mind:
They'll reaſon caumly, and with kindneſs ſmile,
When our ſhort paſſions wad our peace beguile;
Sae, whenſoe'er they ſlight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maiſt to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleaſure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu' and ſecure his heart:
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will:
In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-ſtane;
And ſoon as he flings by his plaid and ſtaff,
The ſeething pot's be ready to tak aff;
Clean hag-abag I'll ſpread upon his board,
And ſerve him with the beſt we can afford:
Good humour and white bigonets ſhall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld.
And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.
Peggy. But we'll grow auld togither, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy,
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast;
That in return defends it frae the west.
Sic as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.
Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield,
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little sae
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. Tune, *Nansy's to the green-wood gane.*

I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying:
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the sae,
That by the heartstrings leads us.

Peggy. Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air:
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.
Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith; if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:

But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true, nae lass can be unkind. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A snug thack house, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byar:
A peet stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's—There you may see him lean,
And to his divet seat invite his frien.

GLAUD *and* SYMON.

Glaud. GOOD-MORROW, nibour Symon—come, sit down,
And gie's your cracks—What's the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And sauld your Crummock, and her bassand quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry:
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try. [boy,
Symon. With a' my heart--and tent me now, auld
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like slaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes. [stand
Glaud. Fy blaw!--Ah, Symie! rattling chiels ne'er
To cleek and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near:
But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.
Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been,
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,

Becauſe ye ken fou well he bravely choſe,
To ſhine or ſet in glory with Montroſe:
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ene ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right ſlee begunk,
Reſtor'd king Charles; and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habby ſays, we'll ſee Sir William ſoon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna ſlaw,
Tell o'er your news again! and ſwear til't a'.
And ſaw ye Hab! and what did Halbert ſay?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
And his eſtate, ſay, can he cithly claim?

Symon. They that hag-rid us 'till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir William ſall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII. Tune, *Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.*

Cauld be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody,
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.

Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high in ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king, and nation.

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he ſtent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or ſhor'd to raiſe
Our mailens, when we put on Sunday's claiths.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, with ſenſeleſs ſaucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare;
'Put on your bonnet, Symon——tak a ſeat——
'How's all at hame?--How's Elſpa?--How does Kate?
'How ſells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?'
And ſic like kindly queſtions wad he ſpear.

SANG VIII. Tune, *Mucking of Geordy's byar.*

The laird who in riches and honour
  Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
  To riſe aboon poverty;
Elſe like the pack-horſe that's unfother'd
  And burthen'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardſhips are ſmother'd,
  And rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glaſſes clean,
Whilk in our breaſt rais'd ſic a blythſome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd!--Dear nibour, will ye ſtay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day:
We'll ſend for Elſpith too—and upo' ſight,
I'll whiſtle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I'll yoke my ſled, and ſend to the neiſt town,
And bring a draught of ale, baith ſtout and brown;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink 'till they tine the gate to ſtand their lane.
Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth deſign,
Gif that it hadna firſt of a' been mine:
For here-yeſtreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yeſtreen I ſlew twa wathers prime and fat;
A furlet of good cakes my Elſpa beuk,
And a large ham hangs reeſting in the nook:
I ſaw myſell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot, that ſcads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil—and ane we'll roaſt;
And on the haggies Elſpa ſpares nae coſt:
Small are they ſhorn, and ſhe can mix ſou nice
The guſty ingans with a curn of ſpice:
Fat are the puddings—heads and feet well ſung:
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To paſs this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our Maſter's health and welcome hame;

Ye mauna then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since ye're my neareſt friend that I like beſt:
Bring wi'ye all your family; and then,
Whene'er you pleaſe, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r ſell, auld-birky, never fear
But at your banquet I ſhall firſt appear:
Faith, we ſhall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
'Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld;
Auld, ſaid I!—Troth, I'm younger be a ſcore,
With this good news, than what I was before:
I'll dance or een! hey, Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome here—
What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haſte and din?
Ye never let a body ſit to ſpin.

Glaud. Spin! Snuff!—Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,
And ſet the meikleſt peet ſtack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane fire 'till ye die,
Since now again we'll ſoon Sir William ſee.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!—And wha was't tald you o't.

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whiteſt of my bobit bands,
My whyt-ſkin hoſe, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their waſhing cry the bairns in haſte,
And mak ye'r ſells as trig, head, feet, and waiſt,
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with Sym bedeen,

Symon. Do, honeſt Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate.
And ſee that a' be done as I wad hae't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field——A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife ſpinning at the ſunny end.
At a ſmall diſtance by a blaſted tree,
With falded arms and haff-rais'd look, ye ſee

BAULDY *his laine.*

Bauldy. WHAT's this?—I canna bear't! 'Ti
war than hell,
To be ſae burnt with love, yet darena tell!
O Peggy, ſweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that friſk out o'er the knows;
Straighter than aught that in the foreſt grows.
Her een the cleareſt blob of dew out-ſhines;
The lily in her breaſt its beauty tines:
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een
Will be my deed, that will be ſhortly ſeen!
For Pate loes her!—waes me! and ſhe loes Pate;
And I with Neps, by ſome unlucky fate,
Made a caſt vow!—O! but ane be a beaſt,
That makes raſh aiths 'till he's afore the prieſt.
I darena ſpeak my mind, elſe a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy:
'Tis fair to thole—I'll try ſome witchcraft art,
To break with ane and win the other's heart.
Here Mauſy lives, a witch, that for ſma' price,
Can caſt her cantraips, and give me advice:
She can o'ercaſt the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune:
At midnight-hours, o'er the kirk-yard ſhe raves,
And howks unchriſten'd weans out of their graves
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:
Rins witherſhins about the hemlock low,
And ſeven times does her prayers backwards pray,
'Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,

Mixt with the venom of black taids and ſnakes:
Of this unſonſy pictures aft ſhe makes
Of any ane ſhe hates—and gars expire
With ſlaw and racking pains afore a fire,
Stuck fou of prins; the deviliſh pictures melt;
The pain by fowk they repreſent is felt.
And yonder's Mauſe; ay, ay, ſhe kens fou well,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil:
She and her cat ſit beeking in her yard;
To ſpeak my errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, though I ſhould never thrive;
They gallop faſt, that deils and laſſes drive. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard, a little fount,
Where water poplin ſprings,
There ſits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings,

SANG IX. Tune, *Carle, and the King come.*

MAUSE. PEGGY, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king's come;
Nae mair the haukeys ſhalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy ſince the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Bauldy. How does auld honeſt lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and feir at threeſcore ten.
Mauſe. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the ſun.

What brings my bairn this gate ſae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead—to threſh, nae corn?
Bauldy. Enough of baith—But ſomething that requires
Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.
Mauſe. My helping hand, alake! what can I do
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?
Bauldy. Ay, but you're wiſe, and wiſer far than we,
Or maiſt part of the pariſh tells a lie.
Mauſe. Of what kind wiſdom think ye I'm poſſeſt,
That lifts my character aboon the reſt?
Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're ſae wiſe and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I ſoud tell.
Mauſe. What fowk ſay of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.
Bauldy. Well, ſince ye bid me, I ſhall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw:
When laſt the wind made Glaud a rooſleſs barn;
When laſt the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-ſhot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd and there nae butter came;
When Beſſy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna ſtand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the ſhaw,
And tint himſell amaiſt amang the ſnaw;
When Mungo's mare ſtood ſtill, and ſwat wi' fright
When he brought eaſt the Howdy under night;
When Bawſy ſhot to dead upon the green;
And Sara tint a ſnood was nae mair ſeen;
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out;
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
And ſae they may that mean to do ye ſkaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neiſt make grots, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You with a furlet of them mixt with peaſe,
Mauſe. I thank ye, lad,—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then, I like Peggy--Neps is fond of me--
Peggy likes Pate;—and Patie's bauld and slee,
And looes sweet Meg—But Neps I downa see—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
Sae gang your ways and come again at night;
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth all your pease and groats, take ye na care.

Bauldy. Well, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raise the de'il he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain, and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symmie's at a feast,
O will ye come like badrans for a jest;
And there you can our different haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France. [*Exit*.

MAUSE *her lane*.

This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a witch in compact with Auld Nick,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought:
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now since the royal Charles, and right's restor'd,
A shepherdess is daughter to a lord.
The *bonny foundling* that's brought up by Glaud,
Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to th' Usurper, and her death design'd,
To establish him and his in all these plains
That by right heritage to her pertains:
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms;

None knows't but me;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them all ſing dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love without a vicious ſtain,
The bonny laſs and chearfu' ſwain
Change vows and kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE *and* PEGGY.

Peggy. O Patie, let me gang, I mauna ſtay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny ſhe's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part ſae ſoon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's away with Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or ſee,
To be alane themſelves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroſes thickeſt paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How ſaft the weſtlin winds ſough through the reeds.

Peggy. The ſcented meadows—birds—and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy pleaſe.

Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In ſpeaking ſae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I cou'd fancy aught's ſae ſweet or fair
As my ſweet Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt brier,
Thy cheek and breaſt the fineſt flow'rs appear:
Thy words excel the maiſt delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merle or mavis' throats;
With thee I tent nae flowers that buſk the field,
Or ripeſt berries that our mountains yield;

The ſweeteſt fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiſs of thee.

Peggy. But Patrick for ſome wicked end may fleech,
And lambs ſhould tremble when the foxes preach.
I darena ſtay,—ye joker, let me gang,
Or ſwear ye'll never 'tempt to do me wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother ſhall her fondneſs drap,
And wrang the bairn fits ſmiling on her lap:
The ſun ſhall change, the moon to change ſhall ceaſe,
The gaits to clim—the ſheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either ſaid or doon,
Shall do thee wrang, I ſwear by all aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith—But mony lads will [ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in half a year;
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither laſs your heart ſhou'd ſteal,
Your Meg, forſaken, bootleſs might relate,
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs Pate.

Patie. I'm ſure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year:
I mind it well, when thou cou'dſt hardly gang,
Or liſp out words, I choos'd ye frae the throng
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tanſy know or raſhy ſtrand;
Thou ſmiling by my ſide—I took delight
To pou the raſhes green, with roots ſae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and ſnood.

Peggy. When firſt thou gade with ſhepherds to the hill;
And I to milk the ews firſt try'd my ſkill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at ev'n I met with thee.

SANG X. Tune, *Winter was cauld, and my Cleathing was thin.*

Peggy.

When firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,

To bear the milk bowie no pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie.

When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, brier, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie.

Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden broom knows,
And Rosie lilts swiftly the Milking the ews;
There's sew Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing,
At Throw the wood, laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring.

But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire?
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Patie. Jenny sings saft the Broom of Cowden-knows,
And Rosie lilts the Milking of the ews;

There's nane, like Nansy, Jenny Nettles sings:
At turns in Maggy Lawder, Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings with sweeter skill,
The Boatman, or the Lass of Patie's mill,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Tho' they sing well they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what we desire,
And, roos'd by them we love, blaws up the fire:
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a giglt gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave,
At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve—
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true:
But thou in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed;—but hearken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Patie. And let them ferly,—now a kindly kiss,
Of fivescore good anes wad not be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hyre—

Patie. Well, I agree.

SANG XI. *To its ane Tune.*

Patie [sings.]

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth;
And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?

Peggy [sings.]

But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her power,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sowr.

Patie [sings.]

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tyne, and sae may ye;
Red-cheeked ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

Peggy [sings, falling into Patie's arms.]

Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

Patie [with his left hand about her waist.]

O charming armfu'! hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day;
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal-day;
And if your weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[Let down the curtain, and let them kiss.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,
And tent a man whase beard seems bleech'd with time;

Ane elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:
But whiſht, it is the knight in maſquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to ſee his lad.
Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal ſuff'rer moves
Throw his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM *ſolus.*

THE gentleman, thus hid in low diſguiſe,
I'll for a ſpace, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I loſt—which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midſt my joy, ſome proſpects pain renew,
Whilſt I my once fair ſeat in ruins view.
Yonder! ah me, it deſolately ſtands,
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
The caſements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'ſtry all bereft.
My ſtables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blaſt decaying falls:
My gardens once adorn'd the moſt compleat,
With all that nature, all that art makes ſweet;
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their ſtalks;
But overgrow'n with nettles, docks, and brier,
No Jaccacinths or Eglantines appear.
Here fail'd and broke's the riſing ample ſhade,
Where peach and nect'ring trees their branches ſpred,
Baſking in rays, and early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful to the uſe:
All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lye,
And from what ſtands the wither'd branches fly.
Theſe ſoon ſhall be repair'd;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to ſee my BOY,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too ſoon call'd home his mother fair;
Him, e're the rays of reaſon clear'd his thought,
I ſecretly to faithful Symon brought,

And charg'd him ſtrictly to conceal his birth,
Till we ſhou'd ſee what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himſelf, he ſtarts up by the dawn,
And ranges careleſs o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge ſerenely gay,
With other ſhepherds whiſtling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts how chearfully
A calm, contented mortal ſpends his time
In health, his ſoul unſtain'd with crime.

SANG XII. Tune, *Happy Clown.*

Hid from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the haights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.

Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocriſie,
When truth and love with joy agree,
Unſully'd with a crime:

Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's houſe I'll bend my way,
And ſee what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaylie dance and ſing.

[*Exit Sir* William.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in,
And viſy't round and round;
There's nought ſuperfl'ous to give pain,
Or coſtly to be found.
Yet all is clean; a clear peat ingle
Glances amidſt the floor:
The green horn ſpoons, beech luggies mingle
On ſkelfs forgainſt the door.
While the young brood ſport on the green,
The auld anes think it beſt,
With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their reſt.

SYMOND, GLAUD, *and* ELSPA.

Glaud. WE anes were young our ſells—I like to ſee
The bairns bob round with other merrylie:
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a ſtrapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade;
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa':
And tells his tale the clev'reſt of them a'.
Elſpa. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith;
God mak him good, and bide him ay frae ſkaith.
He is a bairn, I'll ſay't, we'll worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.
Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not miſtane,
He ſeems to be with Peggy's beantie tane,
And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better—be't ſhe were nae kin to me.
Symon. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;

And or he were, for reasons I'll not tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools myself.

Glaud. What reasons can ye have? There's nane, I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind;
Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this day eight-days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. We'll nae mair o't;—come, gi's the other bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*

Symon. But will ye tell me, Glaud? By some 'tis said,
Your nice is but a *fundling*, that was laid
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clattern Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard:
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day.

[*Exit* Jenny.

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth of a' their ſaws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

[*Returns* JENNY *bringing in Sir* William; *with them* Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honeſt carle—here tak a ſeat.

Sir Will. I give thee thanks, good man, Iſe no be blate.

Glaud. [*drinks.*] Come, t'ye, friend—How far came ye the day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way:
Rouſted with eild, a wie piece gate ſeems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maiſt that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to ſtay all night with me,
And tak ſic bed and board as we can gi'e.

Sir Will. That's kind unſought.—Well, gin ye have a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I ſhall employ the fartheſt of my ſkill
To ſpae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. [*pointing to* Patie.] Only that lad—alack! I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's ſee your hand—what gars ye ſneer?

Patie. Becauſe your ſkill's but little worth I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the point—But billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouſe-mark on your ſide.

Elſpa. Beteech-us-to! and well I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the deel's owre girt wi' you;
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he firſt wore a ſark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be ſpair'd
But a ſhort while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elſpa. A laird! Hear ye, goodman—what think ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken! Strange auld man, what art thou?

Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.
[Patie's *health gaes round.*

Patie. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is all my great estate—and like to be:
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie--let the man look ower your hand,
Aftymes as broken a ship has come to land.

[*Sir* William *looks a little at* Patie's *hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*

Elspa. Preserves!—the man's a warlock, or posseſt
With some nae good, or second-sight at least:
Where is he now?—

Glaud.—He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted fowks, his peace be here!
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb—wow! can he tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves,
And speakes out broken words like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better—Elspa, haste ye, gae
And fill him up a tass of Usquebæ.

Sir Will. [*starts up and speaks.*]

'A Knight that for a LYON fought
'Against a herd of bears,
'Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
'In which some thousands shares:
'But now again the LYON rares,
'And joy spreads o'er the plain.
'The LYON has defeat the bears,
'The Knight returns again.

'The Knight in a few days ſhall bring
'A ſhepherd frae the fauld,
'And ſhall preſent him to the King,
'A ſubject true and bauld:
'He Mr Patrick ſhall be call'd—
'All you that hear me now
'May well believe what I have tald,
'For it ſhall happen true.'

Sym. Friend, may your ſpaeing happen ſoon and well;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deel,
To tell ſome tales that fowks wad ſecret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your ſleep?
Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never faſh your beard,
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophecy ſhall ſoon appear.
Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that diſna ken
The wimpled meaning of your unko tale,
Whilk ſoon will mak a noiſe o'er moor and dale.
Glaud. 'Tis nae ſma' ſport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for goſpel what the ſpae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wiſh we trow at ony rate.
Sir Will. Whiſht! doubtfu' carle; for e'er the ſun
Has driven twice down to the ſea,
What I have ſaid, ye ſhall ſee done
In part, or nae mair credit me.
Glaud. We'll be't ſae, friend; I ſhall ſay nathing mair,
But I've twa ſonſy laſſes, young and fair,
Plump, ripe for men: I wiſh ye cou'd foreſee
Sic fortunes for them, might bring joy to me.
Sir Will. Nae mair through ſecrets can I ſift,
Till darkneſs black the bent;
I have but anes a day that gift,
Sae reſt a while content.

Sym. Elſpa, caſt on the claith, fetch butt ſome meat,
And, of your beſt, gar this auld ſtranger eat.
Sir Will. Delay a while your hoſpitable care,
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
With you, kind friend, to have ſome private talk.
Sym. Soon as you pleaſe I'll anſwer your deſire—
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beſide the fire.
We'll but gae round the place, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak our pint and crack.
Glaud. I'll out a ſpace, and ſee the young anes play;
My heart's ſtill light, abeit my locks be gray.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,
Young Roger draps the reſt,
To whiſper out his melting flame,
And thow his laſſie's breaſt.
Behind a buſh, well hid frae ſight, they meet;
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd!

ROGER *and* JENNY.

Roger. DEAR Jenny, I wad ſpeak t'ye, wad ye let,
And yet I ergh ye'r ay ſae ſcornfu' ſet.
Jenny. And what wad Roger ſay, if he cou'd ſpeak?
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye'r to ſeek?
Rog. Yes, ye may gueſs right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my ſervice, ſighs, and langing een:
And I maun out wi't, tho' I riſk your ſcorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith even and morn.
Ah! cou'd I loo ye leſs, I'd happy be,
But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.
Jenny. And wha kens, honeſt lad, but that I may?
Ye canna ſay, that e'er I ſaid ye nay.

Roger. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear ſome tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jenny. I loo my father, couſin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my heart cou'd move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alyke to me;
And frae ye a' I beſt had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny?—ſayna that again,
What pleaſure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet ſtand free;
Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my pity elſe, to ſee you ſet
On that whilk makes our ſweetneſs ſoon forget:
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How ſweet we breathe whene'er we kiſs or ſing!
But we're nae ſooner fools to give conſent,
Than we our daffin, and tint power repent:
When priſon'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
Altho' the firſt, the greateſt drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when for ſake of gear
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind:
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou ſhould ſcorn) ſtill to delight in thee.

Jenny. What ſugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've ſeen with ſhining fair the morning riſe,
And ſoon the fleety clouds mirk a' the ſkies;
I've ſeen the ſilver ſpring a while rin clear,
And ſoon in moſſy puddles diſappear;
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may ſmile;
But ſoon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've ſeen the morning riſe with faireſt light,
The day unclouded, ſink in calmeſt night:
I've ſeen the ſpring rin wimpling throw the plain,
Increaſe and join the ocean, without ſtain:

The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may ſmile;
Rejoice throw life, and all your fears beguile.

SANG XIII. Tune, *Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

Were I aſſur'd you'll conſtant prove,
You ſhould nae mair complain;
The eaſy maid, beſet with love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I muſt own, now, ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline!
The pleaſure ſtrikes me near-hand dead,
Is Jenny then ſae kind?——
O let me brize thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delytfu' thought, we'll never part!
Come, preſs thy mouth to mine.

Jenny. Were I but ſure ye lang wou'd love maintain,
The feweſt words my eaſy heart could gain:
For I maun own, ſince now at laſt you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company:
And ever had a warmneſs in my breaſt,
That made ye dearer to me than the reſt.
Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
This guſh of pleaſure's like to be my deid.
Come to my arms! or ſtrike me! I'm all fir'd
With wond'ring love! let's kiſs till we be tir'd.
Kiſs kiſs! we'll kiſs the ſun and ſtarns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day,
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And brize thy bonny breaſts and lips to mine.

[*They embrace.*

Jenny. With equal joy my ſafter heart does yield;
To own thy well-try'd love has won the field.
Now by theſe warmeſt kiſſes thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.
Roger. I ſwear by fifty thouſand yet to come,
Or may the firſt ane ſtrike me deaf and dumb,
There ſhall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.
Jenny. Well, I agree—neiſt to my parent gae,
Get his conſent—he'll hardly ſay ye nae:
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld fowks like them that want na milk and meal.

SANG XIV. Tune, *O'er Bogie.*

Well, I agree, ye're ſure of me;
Next to my father gae:
Make him content to give conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nae:
For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld
Where bairns want milk and meal.
Should he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain:
Tho' a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like theſe in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt;
As mony newcal in my byers rowt:
Five pack of woo I cau at Lammaſs ſell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made:
Ilk thing that makes a hartſome houſe and tight
Was ſtill her care, my father's great delight.

They left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as mickle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair:
My love and all is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

Jenny. I'll do my best: but see wha gangs this way,
Patie and Meg—besides I mauna stay;
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

Roger. To where the saugh-tree shades the menin pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep tryst, and meet me there; there let us meet,
To kiss and tell our loves; there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym,
Within a gallery of the place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the baron shown his face,
But joking with his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

Sir WILLIAM *and* SYMON.

Sir Will. TO whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Wha fills us all with joy, now *he's come hame.*

PROLOGUE.

Sir William draps his masking beard;
Symon transported, sees

The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.

My master! my dear master!—d' I breath!
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants sight!
To bless his Son, my charge, the world's delight.
Sir Will. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.
Symon. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock——neist my ain judgment fand.
Out reasons plenty——since, without estate,
A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate:
Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gies their fauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.
Symon. Now, well I wat, Sir, you have spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few.
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimpt of manners as of sense and grace,
Oppressing a' as punishment o' their sin
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.
Sir Will Such useless branches of a commonwealth,
Should be lopt off to give a state mair health;
Unworthy bare reflection——Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Symon. To ſpeak his praiſe, the langeſt ſimmer-day
Wad be owre ſhort—cou'd I them right diſplay.
In word and deed he can ſae well behave,
That out of ſight he runs before the lave:
And when there's e'er a quarrel or conteſt,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whaſe cauſe is beſt;
And his decree ſtands good—he'll gar it ſtand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand:
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudeſt of our herds obey.

Sir Will. Your tale much pleaſes--my good friend proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna ſpare
To gi'e him at the ſchool enough of lair;
And he delights in books—He reads and ſpeaks
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read—and of what kind?
Tho' ſome give light, ſome blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our ſheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys ſome books of hiſtory, ſangs, or ſport:
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakeſpar and a famous Ben
He aften ſpeaks, and ca's them beſt of men.
How ſweetly Hawthornden and Stirling ſing,
And ane caw'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fou well, and gars their verſes ring.
I ſometimes thought, that he made o'er great fraze
About fine poems, hiſtories and plays.
When I reprov'd him anes—a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir Will. He anſwer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When ſuch accounts I of my ſhepherd hear;
Reading ſuch books can raiſe a peaſant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that ſae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf ſpell,
'Till a' the reſt ſleep round as weel's our ſell.

Sir Will. Well jeſted, Symon,—but one queſtion more,
I'll only aſk ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
Has nae young laſſie with inviting mien
And roſy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warſt, but ken'd the ſmalleſt part,
'Till late I ſaw him twa three times mair ſweet
With Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet.
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like yourſelf your ſon will ſoon appear;
A gentleman enrich'd with all theſe charms,
May bleſs the faireſt beſt-born lady's arms.

Sir Will This night muſt end his unambitious fire,
When higher views ſhall greater thoughts inſpire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourſelf ſhall our firſt meeting ſee.
Yonder's my horſe and ſervant nigh at hand;
They come juſt at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dreſs,
Now ye the ſecret may to all confeſs.

Symon. With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not down right me.

[*Exit* Symon.

Sir William *ſolus.* Whene'er th' event of hope's ſucceſs appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years:
A thouſand toils are loſt in Lethe's ſtream,
And cares evaniſh like a morning dream;
When wiſh'd-for pleaſures riſe like morning light,
The pain that's paſt enhances the delight.

These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love
I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
'Till artful polishing has made it shine;
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. Tune, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*

Now from rusticity, and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn:
As the rough diamond, from the mine,
In breakings only shews its light,
'Till polishing has made it shine,
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset—Enter MAUSE and MADGE,

Mause. OUR laird come hame! and owns young Pate his heir!
That's news indeed!——
Madge. ——As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*

We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirl'd forth a book.
As we ſtood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd ſpae,
Yet for his pains and ſkill wad naithing hae.

Mauſe. Then ſure the laſſes, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As faſt as fleas ſkip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod Lowrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In ſummer-days ſlides backward in a pool.
In ſhort he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or ſpell;
At laſt, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his beard, to Symon: Symon knew
His welcome maſter;—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and ſyne for blythneſs grat.
Patrick was ſent for—happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elſpa, Elſpa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the ſecret ſtory ſoon:
And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no ſae meikle as to Pate himſell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has loſt her jo.

Mauſe. It may be ſae, wha kens, and may be no:
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:
Ev'n kings has tane a queen out of the plain;
And what has been before, may be again.

Madge. Sic nonſenſe! love tak root, but tocher-good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!
Sic faſhions in King Bruce's days might be;
But ſiccan ferlies now we never ſee.

Mauſe. Gif Pate forſakes her, Bauldy ſhe may gain:
Yonder he comes, and vow! but he looks fain;
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her! ſlaverin doof! it ſets him well
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil!
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young maſter ſee—
Mauſe. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
And ſo wad I: But whiſht! here Bauldy comes.

Enter Bauldy [*ſinging.*]

Jocky ſaid to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good;
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee
E'ens ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.

Madge. Weel iiltet, Bauldy, that's a dainty ſang.
Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a, 'tis better than 'tis lang.
[*Sings again.*

I hae gowd and gear; I hae land enough:
I have ſeven good owſen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee:
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn and a byer;
A peat-ſtack 'fore the door; we'll mak a rantin fire:
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry ſall ye be.
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny ſaid to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſall be the lad, I'll be the laſs my ſell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free:
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow ſae's laſſes will come to at laſt,
Tho' for a while they maun their ſnaw-baws caſt.
Mauſe. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?——
Bauldy. ——Faith, unco right:
I hope we'll a' ſleep ſound but ane this night.
Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may aſk
Bauldy. To find out that is nae difficult taſk:

Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate turn'd Patrick and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honeſt Mauſe, ſtand be;
While Meg's in dumps put in a word for me:
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
Leſs wilfu', and ay conſtant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witneſs and the buſhy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was ſworn.
Fy, Bauldy, bluſh, and vows of love regard;
What other laſs will trow a manſworn herd:
The curſe of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of ſic ſinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er adviſe my niece ſae gray a gate;
Nor will ſhe be advis'd, ſou well I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate! manſworn! and a' the reſt:
Ye lied, auld roudes,—and in faith had beſt
Eat in your words, elſe I ſhall gar you ſtand,
With a het face, afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me ſtand! ye ſhevelling-gabbit brock;
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten ſharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the ſkin o' y'er cheeks out o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I take ye witneſs, Mauſe, ye heard her ſay
That I'm manſworn—I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witneſs too, he ca'd me bony names,
And ſhould be ſerv'd as his good-breeding claims:
Ye filthy dog

[*Flees to his hair like a fury—A ſtout battle—Mauſe endeavours to redd them.*

Mauſe. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy, leen;
I wadna wiſh this tulzie had been ſeen,
'Tis ſae daft like—

[Bauldy *gets out of* Madge's *clutches with a bleeding noſe.*]

Madge.——'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.

It sets him well, with vile unserapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I, have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

Mause. That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt, no;—ye'll e'en be friends with honest Bauldy.
Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae;
Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, Mause, I have at Madge nae spite;
For she abusing first was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows face, gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat:
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him deel, he's o'er lang out of hell.

Bauldy [*running off*] His presence be about us! Curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

Exit Bauldy.

Madge [*laughing*] I think I have towzled his harigalds a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal, that would mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly—I commend ye for't;
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport;
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face,

He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna ſtand,
To lend him in this caſe my helping hand.
Madge. A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to ſee, or lugs to hear.
Mauſe, Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fowk reſentment to decline,
'Till aft 'tis ſeen, when vigour fails, than we
With cunning can the lack of pith ſupply:
Thus I pat aff revenge 'till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we ſhould gang to wark:
I'm ſure he'll keep his tryſt; and I came here
To ſeek your help, that we the fool may fear.
Madge. And ſpecial ſport we'll hae as I proteſt;
Ye'll be the witch, and I ſhall play the ghaiſt.
A linen ſheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane and ſhake my head:
We'll fleg him ſae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a laſſie wrang.
Mauſe. Then let us go: for ſee, 'tis hard on night,
The weſtlin cloud ſhines with a ſetting light. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green ſwaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to reſt retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inſpir'd,
Walks throw the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewel.

PATIE and ROGER.

Roger. WOW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light:
O Mr Patrick, ay your thoughts were right;
Sure gentle fowks are farer ſeen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, who brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—ſweet—and nae mair ſcorn:

I ſpak my mind—ſhe heard—I ſpak again—
She ſmil'd—I kiſs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.
Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm ſometimes wae,
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an eſtate that lifts me boon the lave,
With looks all kindneſs, words that love confeſt,
He all the father to my ſoul expreſt,
While cloſe he held me to his manly breaſt:
Such were the eyes, he ſaid, thus ſmil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, bleſſing o' my youth!
Wha ſet too ſoon!—And while he praiſe beſtow'd,
Adown his graceſu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail:
That ſpeechleſs lang, my late kend ſire I view'd,
While guſhing tears my panting breaſt bedew'd:
Unuſual tranſports made my head turn round,
Whilſt I myſelf with riſing raptures ſound,
The happy ſon of ane ſae much renown'd.
But he has heard—Too faithful Symon's fear!
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids;—ah! this confounds my peace,
While, thus to beat, my heart muſt ſooner ceaſe.
Roger. How to adviſe ye, troth I'm at a ſtand:
But wer't my caſe ye'd clear it up aff hand.
Patie. Duty, and haſlen reaſon plead his cauſe;
But love rebels againſt all bounding laws;
Fixt in my ſoul the ſhepherdeſs excels,
And part of my new happineſs repels.

SANG XVI. Tune, *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty and part of reaſon,
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide,
Which love ſuperior calls treaſon,
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd;
For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſehood repels;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Roger. Enjoy them baith--Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.
Pat. She's mine by vows, and ſtronger ties of love,
And frae theſe bands nae fate my mind ſhall move.
I'll wed nane elſe, thro' life I will be true;
But ſtill obedience is a parent's due.
Roger. Is not your Maſter and yourſell to ſtay
Amang us here—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?
Patie. To Edinburgh ſtraight to-morrow we advance,
To London neiſt, and afterwards to France,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome years, and learn to dance,
And twa three other monky tricks:—That done,
I come hame ſtrutting in my red-heel'd ſhoon.
Then 'tis deſign'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be ſome petted thing's dull ſlave,
For ſome few bags of caſh, that I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel:
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear ſic news ſhall hear my death.
Rog. *They wha have juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep,*
The owrecome only faſhes fowk to keep —
Good maſter Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.
Patie. What was my morning thought, at night's the ſame;
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greateſt bliſs we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift—without it kings are poor.
Rog. But an eſtate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it ſcantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, ſaft beds, ſweet houſes, ſparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Submiſſive ſervants, honour, wealth, and eaſe,
Wha's no content with theſe are ill to pleaſe.
Patie. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiſs,
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliſs:
The paſſions rule the roaſt—and if they're ſour,
Like the lean ky they'll ſoon the fat devour:

The ſpleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the ſharpeſt goads in gentry's ſide.
The gonts and gravels, and the ill diſeaſe,
Are frequenteſt with fowk owrelaid with eaſe;
While o'er the moor the ſhepherd with leſs care,
Enjoys his ſober wiſh, and haleſome air.

Roger. Lord, man, I wonder, ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your ſlights;
How gat ye a' that ſenſe, I fain wad lear,
That I may eaſier diſappointments bear?

Patie. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat ſome ſkill,
Theſe beſt can teach what's real good and ill:
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware ſome ſtanes of cheeſe,
To gain theſe ſilent friends that ever pleaſe.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye ſhall tell me which to buy:
Faith I'ſe hae books, tho' I ſhou'd ſell my ky:
But now let's hear how you're deſign'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

Patie. Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my bride:
But I ſome time this laſt deſign maun hide.
Keep you the ſecret cloſe, and leave me here;
I ſent for Peggy, yonder comes my dear.

Roger. And proud of being your ſecretary, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deels defy. [*Exit.* Rog.

Patie [*ſolus*] With what a ſtruggle muſt I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart;
I ken ſhe loves, and her faſt ſoul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated brink
Of diſappointment—Heav'n ſupport my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care:
Her eyes are red——

Enter PEGGY.

——My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a ſhepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think ſae high—I now repine

At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten pain see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown:
I falsehood hate: come kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the task to me
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief,
But short I dare to hope the fond relief;
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with nice airs swims round in silk attire;
Then I! poor me!—with sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate.
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales expreſt,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang;
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadows play,
And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay,
As aft times I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:
Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep,
To watch, and stare upon thee, while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to give me ease,
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

SANG XVII. Tune, *Waes my heart that we should sunder.*

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under.

These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
A gentler face and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye bauks where we were wont to wander;
Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shoud'st prove a wand'ring lover,
Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

Pat. Sure heaven approves--and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've swern to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my foot were crowns and scepters laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid,
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as have the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.
Peg. I greet for joy to hear my love sae kind;
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care:

My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy heart for me:
With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream thro' that night, till my day-star appear;
And all the while I'll study gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk school,
Where I may manners learn——

SANG XVIII. Tune, *Tweed side.*

Peggy. When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sav't for thy sake.
Where-e'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay;
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
So lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

Patie. That's wisely said,
And what he wears that way shall be well paid.

Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, left in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect aft-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And, for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still—but I'll be ought with thee.

Patie. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,
Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna what-, sae great a risque to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve;
Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love:
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

SANG XIX. Tune, *Bush aboon Traquair.*

Peggy. At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſummer day I'd ſhare
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, by love is yours,
A heart which cannot wander.

With every ſetting day, and riſing morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, and aſk thy ſafe return:
Under that tree, and on the Suckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play:
And to the biſſel ſhaw, where firſt ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy that they'll bear witneſs I am yours.

Patie. My dear, allow me from thy temples fair
A ſhining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a ſample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiſs, and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Were ilka hair that appertains to me
Worth an eſtate, they all belong to thee:
My ſheers are ready, take what you demand,
And aught what love with virtue may command.

Patie. Nae mair we'll aſk; but ſince we've little time,
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime,
Love's ſafter meaning better is expreſt,
When it's with kiſſes on the heart impreſt.

[*Here they embrace, and the curtain's let down.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy ſtares like ane poſſeſt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly reſt:

Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.

Sym. WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
When nature nods beneath the drowsy pow'r:
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake, and glowre, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne're o'erput it! Symon, O Symon! O!

[Symon *gives him a drink.*

Sym. What ails thee, gowk:—to make so loud ado.
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd; I hear his tred.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Will. How goes the night? does day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppreſt,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist.

Bauldy. O! ay—dear Sir, in troth, 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Will. [*smiling*] I lang to hear't——

Bauldy ——Ah! Sir, the witch caw'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart:
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night,
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)

Rais'd up a ghaist or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
Lows'd down my breeks, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to loup,
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till, with an elritch laugh they vanish'd quite;
Syne I haf dead with anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gie the deel his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be burnt.

Sir Will. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantraips that bring up the deel.

[*Exit* Bauldy.

Sir Will. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
That is throw want of education blind!

Symon. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,
As witches raising deels up throw a ring,
Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who were rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft times like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow;

Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
While they on cats or clowns, or broomſtaffs ride,
Or in an egg-ſhell ſkim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and ſtools,
Whate'er's in ſpells, or if there witches be,
Such whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle ſenſe, or yet was rich:
But Mauſe, tho' poor, is a ſagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honeſt life.
That gars me think, this hobleſhew that's paſt
Will end in naithing but a joke at laſt.

Sir Will. I'm ſure it will; but ſee increaſing light
Commands the imps of darkneſs down to night:
Bid raiſe my ſervants, and my horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX. Tune, *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

The bonny gray-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray,
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthfu' labours of the day,
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving the plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain.
Be my portion, health and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at a due diſtance from parties and ſtate,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty throw the reek:
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.

Glaud. I Wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye do not use so soon to see the light;
Nae doubt, now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To take your leave of Patrick or he gang:
But, do you think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landward lasses will regard?
Jenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor:
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiss'd my cusin there frae lug to lug.
Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But, be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life:
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.
Peggy. A rake, what's that?—Sure, if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill.
Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare:
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name;
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they have had the clap;
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith flush'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.

Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peggy. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn; they're sae pust up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heav'n;—I've heard mysell,
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink:
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gaits will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for owre the gate,
To hear, and help to red some odd debate
'Tween Mause and Bauldy, 'bout some witcheraft spell
At Symon's house, the knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff—Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the lasses wi'ye; I'll step before. [*Exit*.

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross:
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;

To leave the green ſwaird dance, when we gae milk,
To ruſtle amang the beauties clad in ſilk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the ſhepherds ſtay,
And tak what God will ſend in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye faſh us wi' your ſcorn;
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of ſome laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green:
Now ſince he riſes, why ſhould I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne're be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Deſigns him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny ſtory, troth!—But we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William ſills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mauſe
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cauſe:
For now it's tell'd him that the tawz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Becauſe he brak good breedings laws,
And with his nonſenſe rais'd their rage.

Sir Will. AND was that all?—Well, Archbald you was ſerv'd
No otherwiſe than what ye well deſerv'd.
Was it ſo ſmall a matter to defame,
And thus abuſe an honeſt woman's name?
Beſides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confeſs my faut thro' a' the ſteps,
And ne'er again ſhall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, be oblig'd me on the score,
I ken'd not that they thought me sic before.
Bauldy. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel;
Yet, with your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengfu'——
And that my *some place* finds;—but I had best
Haud in my tongue; for yonder comes the *Ghaist*,
And the young bonny *witch*, whase rosie cheek
Sent me without my wit the deel to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, *and* JENNY.

Sir Will. [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?——
Glaud.—Sir she's my niece—
And yet she's not—but I should had my peace.
Sir Will. This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and she is not! pray, Glaud explain.
Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should make appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year—
Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.
Sir Will. Speak soon: I'm all impatience!—
Patie.—So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.
Glaud. Then since my master orders, I obey—
This *bonny foundling* ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young: for she appear'd to me,
Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairnie ſmil'd
With ſic a look wad made a ſavage mild.
I hid the ſtory, and ſhe paſs'd ſincefyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For ſhe's well worth the care that I have tane.
Ye ſee ſhe's bonny; I can ſwear ſhe's good,
And am right ſure ſhe's come of gentle blood:
Of whom I kenna—naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale ſeems ſtrange!—

Patie.—The tale delights my ear!

Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

Mauſe. That be my talk—Now, Sir, bid all be huſh,
Peggy may ſmile—Thou haſt no cauſe to bluſh.
Lang have I wiſh'd to ſee this happy day,
That I might ſafely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The beſt and neareſt parent ſhe can claim.
He ſaw't at firſt, and with quick eyes did trace
His ſiſter's beauties in her doughter's face.

Sir Will. Old woman, do not rave—prove what you ſay;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reaſon, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when ſhe's ſae near her grave?
But how, or why, it ſhould be truth, I grant,
I every thing that looks like reaſon want.

Omnes. The ſtory's odd! we wiſh we heard it out.

Sir Will. Make haſte, good woman, and reſolve each doubt.

[Mauſe *goes forward, leading* Peggy *to* Sir William.

Mauſe. Sir, view me well, has fifteen years ſo plew'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown ſtranger ſtand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet ſtronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

Sir Will. Ha, honeſt nurſe! where were my eyes before!
I know thy faithfulneſs, and need no more:
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expoſe her, who was ſo unkind?

[Sir William *embraces* Peggy, *and makes her ſit by him.*

Sir Will. Yes, ſurely, thou'rt my niece! truth muſt prevail;
But no more words, 'till Mauſe relate her tale.

Patie. Good nurſe, diſpatch thy ſtory wing'd with bliſſes,
That I may give my cuſin fifty kiſſes.

Mauſe. Then it was I that ſav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The ſtory's lang; but I the ſecret knew,
How they purſu'd with avaritious view
Her rich eſtate, of which they're now poſſeſt:
All this to me a confident confeſt.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They'd ſmoor the ſakeleſs orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were ſunk in reſt,
At midnight hour the floor I ſaftly preſt,
And ſtaw the ſleeping innocent away,
With whom I travel'd ſome few miles e'er day.
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
'Till eaſtward fifty miles I reach'd theſe plains,
Where needful plenty glads your chearful ſwains,
For fear of being found out, and, to ſecure
My charge, I laid her at this ſhepherd's door;
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er ſhould happen to her, might be by.
Here, honeſt Glaud himſel, and Symon may
Remember well how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud [*with tears of joy running down his beard*]
I well remember't: Lord reward your love!
Lang have I wiſh'd for this: for aft I thought
Sic knowledge ſome time ſhould about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt—my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms:
She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Will. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair;
Equal with Patrick: now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[Patie *and* Peggy *embrace, and kneel to Sir* William.

Patie. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir Will. [*raises them.*] I give you both my blessing; may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are compleat—my joys arise,
While I'm haf dizzy with the bleft surprise.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie?
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will take amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Will. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance with my Pate:

For his ſake only I'll ay thankful bow
For ſuch a kindneſs, beſt of men to you.

Sym. What double blythneſs wakens up this day:
I hope now, Sir, you'll no ſoon haſte away,
Shall I unſaddle your horſe, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tawz, and pauky Mauſe's plot.

Sir Will. Kindly old man; remain with you this day!
I never from theſe fields again will ſtray:
Maſons and wrights ſhall ſoon my houſe repair,
And buſy gardeners ſhall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the beſt news I heard this twenty years!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Gla. God ſave the king, and ſave Sir William lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raiſe the ſhepherd's ſang.

Rog. Wha winna dance, wha will refuſe to ſing?
What ſhepherd's whiſtle winna lilt the ſpring?

Baul. I'm friends with Mauſe,—with very Madge I'm gree'd,
Altho' they ſkelpit me when woodly fleid;
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and ſing, 'Lang may Sir William live.'

Mad. Lang may he live;—and Archbald learn to ſteek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye ſpeak,
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Elſe ye may yet ſome witches fingers ban.
This day I'll with the youngeſt of you rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peggy. No other name I'll ever for you learn:
And, my good nurſe, how ſhall I grateful be
For a' thy matchleſs kindneſs done for me?

Mauſe. The flowing pleaſures of this happy day,
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Will. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs I give in endleſs feu,
The mailens ye poſſeſs, as juſtly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe, in my houſe, in calmneſs, cloſe your days,
With nought to do but ſing your Maker's praiſe.

Omnes. The LORD of heaven return your Honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your bleſſings roove.

Patie, [*preſenting* Roger *to* Sir William.]

Sir, here's my truſty friend, that always ſhar'd
My boſom ſecrets, ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny, think nae ſhame,)
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at laſt he ſpak and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt uncle's ſon;
Be pleas'd to ſpeak to Glaud for his conſent,
That nane may wear a face of diſcontent.

Sir Will. My ſon's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave,
That truſty Roger may your daughter have
With frank conſent; and while he does remain
Upon theſe fields, I make him chamberlain.

Gla. You croud your bounties, Sir; what can we ſay,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your Honour will's, I ſhall obey.
Roger, my daughter with my bleſſing take,
And ſtill our maſter's right your buſineſs make:
Pleaſe him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietneſs down among the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good at ſpeaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraiſe;
But for my maſter, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir Will. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey;
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

SANG XXI. Tune, *Corn-riggs are bonny.*

My Patie is a lover gay;
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay:
His face is fair and ruddy;
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's comely in his wawking;
The shining of his een surprise,
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spak
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chastely should be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And sync my cockernony
He's free to touzle, air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

SCOTS SONGS.

The happy Lover's reflections.

THE laſt time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me:
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me:
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
'Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies
Ev'n kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore
Where dangers may ſurround me;
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover
On Greenland ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor
  She ſhall a lover find me:
And that my faith is firm and pure,
  Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's ſacred bonds ſhall chain
  My heart to her fair boſom,
There, while my being does remain,
  My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

The Laſs *of* Patie's Mill.

THE Laſs of Patie's Mill,
  So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
  She ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
  Bare headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her looks did play,
  And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and ſmooth
  Breaſts riſing in their dawn
To age it wou'd give youth
  To preſs 'em with his hand,
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
  An extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
  Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
  Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
  Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
  Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd:
  I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
  Hopeton's high mountains * fill,
Insur'd lang life and health,
  And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
  That none but bonny she,
The Lass of Patie's Mill
  Shou'd share the same wi' me.

DELIA, *To the* Tune *of* Green-sleeves.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
  Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear Delia take a care,
  And represent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love and truth;
'Till I return her passions sooth,
  For me in whispers move her,

Be careful, no base sordid slave,
With soul sunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to save,
  With glaring gold bewitch her.
Tell her for me she was design'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have more plenty in my mind
  Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In quest of what can ne'er be found,
  To please their vain ambition.

---

* Hopeton's high mountains, thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh, where the right honourable the Earl of Hopeton's mines of gold and lead are.

Let little minds great charms eſpy
In ſhadows which at diſtance lie,
Whoſe hop'd for pleaſure when come nigh,
Prove nothing in fruition.

But, caſt into a mold divine,
Fair Delia does with luſtre ſhine,
Her virtuous ſoul's an ample mine,
Which yields a conſtant treaſure.
Let poets in ſublimeſt lays
Employ their ſkill her fame to raiſe;
Let ſons of muſic paſs whole days,
With well tun'd reeds to pleaſe her.

The Yellow-Hair'd LADDIE.

IN April when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain,
The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves, ev'ning and morn;
He ſang with ſo ſoft and enchanting a ſound,
That ſilvans and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung: Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful proud air;
But Suſie was handſome, and ſweetly cou'd ſing,
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the ſpring.

That Madia in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth;
But Suſie was faithful, good humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sow'r:
Then sighing, he wish'd wou'd parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

NANNY—O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais * and the Bagnio,
I'll save myself, and without stealth
Kiss and caress my Nanny-O.
She bids more fare to engage a Jove,
Then Leda did or Danae-O †:
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None else should sit but Nanny-O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely-O;
I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely-O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breath in the blest Britannio,
None's happiness I shall envy,
As long's ye grant me Nanny-O.

CHORUS.

My bonny bonny Nanny-O,
My loving charming Nanny-O,
I care not tho' the world do know
How dearly I love Nanny-O.

---

* Lais.] A famous Corinthian courtezan.
† Leda and Danae.] Two beauties to whom Jove made love; to one in the figure of a swan, to the other in a golden shower.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's Goddeſs in a myrtle grove
Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the ſhaft at random rove,
For Jenny's haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy, with divine art,
From Paphos ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew unerring to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph with haughty air,
Refuſes Willie's kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt every day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny Jean.

A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his Jeanie is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny Jean.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems:
When ſunk in down with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen:
With breaking day he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

The Kind Reception. *To the Tune of* Auld lang ſyne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with ſcars?
Theſe are the nobleſt hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my Varo, to my breaſt,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
As I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
A thouſand Cupids play,
Whilſt thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay.
Since your return the ſun and moon
With brighter beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft notes while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the court and din of ſtate,
Let that to their ſhare fall;
Who can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball?
But ſunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er moor and dale with you'r gay friend
You may purſue the chace;
And after a blyth bottle end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The hero pleas'd with the ſweet air,
And ſigns of gen'rous love,

Which had been utter'd by the fair,
  Bow'd to the pow'rs above:
Next day with glad consent and haste
  Th' approach'd the sacred shrine,
Where the good priest the couple blest,
  And put them out of pine.

The Penitent. *To the Tune of*, The Lass of Livingston.

PAIN'D with her slighting Jamie's love,
  Bell dropt a tear,—Bell dropt a tear,
The gods descended from above,
  Well pleas'd to hear,—Well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praises of the youth
  From her own tongue,—From her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
  And thus she sung,—And thus she sung.

Blest days when ou'r ingen'ous sex,
  More frank and kind,—More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
  But spoke their mind,—But spoke their mind.
Repenting now she promis'd fair,
  Wou'd he return.—Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
  Or cause to mourn,—Or cause to mourn.

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,
  Yet still thought shame,—Yet still thought shame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
  To own my flame,—To own my flame?
Why took I pleasure to torment,
  And seem'd too coy, and seem'd too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
  My slighted joy,—My slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
  Own your desire,—Own your desire,
While love's young power with his soft wing
  Fans up the fire,—Fans up the fire.

O do not with a filly pride,
  Or low design,—Or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
  But answer plain,—But answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime;
  With flowing eyes,—With flowing eyes;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
  With sweet surprise,—With sweet surprise,
Some god had led him to the grove,
  His mind unchang'd,—His mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
  I am reveng'd,—I am reveng'd!

LOVE'S CURE. *To the Tune of*, Peggy I must love thee.

AS from a rock past all relief,
  The shipwreckt Colin spying
His native home, o'ercome with grief,
  Half sunk in waves, and dying;
With the next morning sun he spies
A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise,
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
  With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom I long lov'd,
  I scorn'd was and deserted,
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
  To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
  But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
  I'll have no more delaying,
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
  We lose ourselves in staying;
I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose,

Why ſhou'd we happy minutes loſe,
Since Peggy I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my caſe for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear,
Falſe Betty's charms now diſappear,
Since Peggy's far out-ſhine them.

ODE.

HENCE every thing that can
Diſturb the quiet of man;
Be blyth, my ſoul,
In a full bowl
Drown thy care,
And repair
The vital ſtream:
Since life's a dream,
Let wine abound,
And healths go round,
We'll ſleep more ſound;
And let the dull unthinking mob purſue
Each endleſs wiſh, and ſtill their care renew.

BESSY BELL *and* MARY GRAY.

O Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny laſſes,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' raſhes,
Fair Beſſy Bell I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Beſſy's hair's like a lint tap,
  She ſmiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis' lap,
  The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
  Her waſte and feet's ſow genty,
With ilka grace ſhe can command,
  Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
  Her eyes like diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean red-up and braw,
  She kills when-e'er ſhe dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
  She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guids her airs ſae gracefu' ſtill,
  O Jove! ſhe's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
  Ye unco' ſair oppreſs us,
Our fancies jee between you twae,
  Ye are ſic bonny laſſes:
Wae's me for baith I canna get,
  To ane by law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
  And be with ane contented.

The young LAIRD *and* Edinburgh KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met yeſtreen
  Coming down the ſtreet, my Jo,
My miſtreſs in her tartan ſcreen,
  Fou' bonny, braw and ſweet, my Jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night
  That never wiſh'd a lover ill:
Since ye're out of your mither's ſight,
  Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
  And leave the dinſome town a while?

The bloſſom 's ſprouting frae the tree,
And a' the ſummer's gawn to ſmile;
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleeling lambs and whiſtling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, ſhaw and park,
Will nouriſh health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Does bend his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to ſome burn-ſide and play,
And gather flow'rs to buſk ye'r brow.
We'll pou the daizies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleaſant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, ſaft and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks has form'd a bower:
Whene'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We'll to the culer ſhade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arms,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY'S *Anſwer.*

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' ſhe did the ſame before me,
I canna get leave
To look to my love,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher,
Then Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wyt ye'r poor Kate,
When-e'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,

Yet he's unco' ſweer
To twin wi' his gear;
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

Spoken to Mrs N.

A Poem wrote without a thought,
By notes may to a ſong be brought,
Tho' wit be ſcarce, low the deſign,
And numbers lame in ev'ry line:
But when fair Chriſty this ſhall ſing
In concert with the trembling ſtring,
O then the poet's often prais'd,
For charms ſo ſweet a voice hath rais'd.

MARY SCOTT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there ſee mark'd for my marrow,
Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare,
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at a diſtance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile;
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish;
She is too good to let me languish;
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky:
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

O'er Bogie,

I *Will awa' wi' my love,*
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a strae,
Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart
And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat we shanna part,
For sillar or for land.
Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleasure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, treats, and air,
The saul that sparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare:
Her flowing wit gives shining life
To a' her other charms,
How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
And lockt up in my arms.
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
  While o'er her ſweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble ſervant, king,
  Shamefa' them that wa'd change.

A kiſs of Betty and a ſmile,
  Abeet ye wa'd lay down
The right ye ha'e to Britain's iſle,
  And offer me your crown.
I will away &c.

O'er the Moor to MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
  Her wit and ſweetneſs call me.
Then to my fair I'll ſhow my mind,
  Whatever may befal me:
If ſhe love mirth, I'll learn to ſing;
  Or likes the nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' ſpring,
  And invocate Apollo.

If ſhe admire a martial mind,
  I'll ſheath my limbs in armour;
If to the ſofter dance inclin'd,
  With gayeſt airs I'll charm her;
If ſhe love grandeur, day and night,
  I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's ſight,
  And ſhine in future ſtory.

Beauty can wonders work with eaſe,
  Where wit is correſponding,
And braveſt men know beſt to pleaſe,
  With complaiſance abounding.
My bonny Maggy's love can turn
  Me to what ſhape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her breaſt that flame ſhall burn
  Which in my boſom bleezes.

I'll never leave thee.

Jonny.

THO' for ſeven years and mair honour ſhould reave me,
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee;
For deep in my ſpirit thy ſweets are indented,
And love ſhall preſerve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dereſt believe me.

Nelly.

O Jonny, I'm jealous, when-e'er ye diſcover
My ſentiments yielding, ye'll turn a looſe rover;
And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart ſairer,
If you prove unconſtant, and fancy ane fairer,
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

Jonny.

My Nelly, let never ſic fancies oppreſs ye.
For while my blood's warm I'll kindly careſs ye;
Your blooming ſaft beauties firſt beeted love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it flame ay the higher:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dereſt believe me.

Nelly.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your miſtreſs, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin ye prove fa'ſe, to ye'r ſell be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me
Of my reſt night and day, if ye deceive me.

Jonny.

Bid iceſhogles hammer red gauds on the ſtudy,
And fair ſimmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time believe I'll betray ye;
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The ſtarns ſhall gang witherſhin e'er I deceive thee.

POLWART *on the Green.*

AT Polwart on the green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do conveen
To dance about the thorn;
A kindly welcome ye shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the sna',
While inwardly they bleeze,
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Among the new-mawn hay,
With sangs and dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night if beds be o'er thrang laid.
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY'S *Bonny Lassie.*

BY smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
Myself thus away, and darena discover
To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover.

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger,
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer;
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-morrow.
The sward of the mead enamel'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter:
'Tis heav'n to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye.
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.

Genty TIBBY and Sonsy NELLY. *To the Tune of,* Tibby Fowler in the Glen.

TIBBY has a store of charms,
Her genty shape our fancy warms,
How starkly can her sma' white arms,
Fetter the lad wha looks but at her;
Frae ancle to her slender waist,
These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
Her rosie cheek and rising breast,
Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fou' o' water

Nelly's gawsy, saft and gay
Fresh as the lucken flowers in May,
Ilk ane that sees her, cries, *Ah, hey!*
She's bonny, O I wonder at her!
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her,
Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
My wyson with the maiden shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,

When theſe twa ſtars appear the gither.
O love! why doſt thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large? while we're oblig'd to nither
Our ſpacious ſauls immenſe deſires,
And ay be in a hankerin ſwither.

Tibby's ſhape and airs are fine,
And Nelly's beauties are divine;
But ſince they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition,
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this proviſion,
I get the other to my lane,
In proſpect *plano* and fruition,

Up in the Air.

NOW the ſun's gane out o' ſight,
Beet the ingle, and ſnuff the light:
In glens the fairies ſkip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France,
Up in the air
On my bonny grey mare.
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet,
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and ſna'
O'er frozen hags like a foot ba',
Nae ſtarns keek throw the azure ſlit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit,
The man i' the moon
Is carowſing aboon,
D'ye ſee, d'ye ſee, d'ye ſee him yet.
The man, &c.

Take your glaſs to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir hales the ſpleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire,
Up in the air,
It drives away care,

Ha'e wi' ye, Ha'e wi' ye, and and ha'e wi' ye,
lads, yet,
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the froſt,
Come, Willy, gi'es about ye'r toſt,
Til't lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythſome bowt,
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet,
Up wi't, &c.

To Mrs A. C. A ſong. *To the* Tune *of*, All in the Downs.

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing,
Than can the lark, with riſing light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning ſhines, harmonious birds mount high:
The dawning beauties ſmile, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
Th' inſpired thought, and ſofteſt lays;
And kindle in the breaſt a flame,
Which muſt be vented in her praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle ſhepherds, have you ſeen
E'er one ſo like an angel trade the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When ſhe appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and ſmiles the graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy neck and breaſts reſort.

But vain muſt every caution prove,
When ſuch enchanting ſweetneſs ſhines,
The wounded ſwain muſt yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.

Such flames the foppiſh butterfly ſhou'd ſhun;
The eagle's only fit to view the ſun.

She's as the opening lily fair,
Her lovely features are complete;
Whilſt heaven indulgent makes her ſhare
With angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural ſcenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains,
Unhappy! if ſhe on him frown.
The muſe unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her name.

To Mrs E. C. A Song. *To the Tune of*, Tweed-ſide.

NOW Phœbus advances on high;
No footſteps of winter are ſeen;
The birds carrol ſweet in the ſky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Thro' groves, and by rivulets clear,
We wander for pleaſure and health,
Where buddings and bloſſoms appear,
Giving proſpects of joy and of wealth.

View every gay ſcene all around,
That are and that promiſe to be;
Yet in them all nothing is found
So perfect, Eliſa, as thee.

Thine eyes the clear fountains excel:
Thy locks they out-rival the grove;
When Zephyrs theſe pleaſingly ſwell,
Each wave makes a captive to love.

The roſes and lilies combin'd,
And flowers of moſt delicate hue,

By thy cheek and thy breasts are out-shin'd
Their tinctures are nothing so true.

What can we compare with thy voice,
And what with thy humours so sweet?
No music can bless with such joys;
Sure angels are just so complete.

Fair blossom of every delight,
Whose beauties ten thousands out-shine,
Thy sweets shall be lastingly bright,
Being mixt with so many divine.

Ye powers, who have given such charms
To Elisa, your image below,
O! save her from all human harms,
And make her hours happily flow.

To CALISTA; *A* Song. *To the Tune of*, I wish my Love were in a Mire.

SHE *sung,—the youth attention gave,*
And charms on charms espies,
Then all in raptures falls a slave,
Both to her voice and eyes.
So spoke and smil'd the Eastern Maid,
Like thine, seraphic were her charms,
That in Circassia's vineyards stray'd,
And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of high desert,
Strave to enchant the amorous king;
But the Circassian gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal hand to sing.
Calista thus our sang inspires,
And claims the smooth and highest lays;
But while each charm our bosom fires,
Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint, surpasses human skill;

Her majesty, mixt with the sweet,
Let seraphs sing her if they will:
Whilst wond'ring, with a ravish'd eye;
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a sister of the sky,
To whom an adoration's due.

A SONG, *Tune of*, Lochaber no more.

FAREWELL to Lochaber and farewell my Jean,
Where hartsome with thee I've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more. Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on wear,
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes arise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind:
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves rote
That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er;
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

LASS *with a* Lump *of* Land.

GIE me a lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang the gither;
Tho' daft or wise I'll never demand,
Or black or fair it maksna whether.

I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a ſhilling;
But ſhe that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a laſs with a lump of land,
And in my boſom I'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Shou'd love turn dowf, it will find pleaſure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand.
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
Unleſs they bring caſh, or a lump of land,
They'ſe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And filler and gowd's a ſweet complection;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue, in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection.
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And caſtles, and riggs, and moors, and meadows;
And naithing can catch our modern ſparks,
But well tocher'd laſſes, or jointer'd widows.

VIRTUE *and* WIT *the Preſervatives of* Love *and* Beauty, *To the Tune of*, Gillikranky.

To Mrs K. H.

CONFESS thy love, fair bluſhing maid;
For ſince thine eyes conſenting,
Thy ſafter thoughts are a' betray'd,
And naſays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy mind,
With words thy wiſh denying?
Since nature made thee to be kind,
Reaſon allows complying.

Nature and reaſon's joint conſent
Make love a ſacred bleſſing;

Then happily that time is ſpent,
  That's war'd on kind careſſing.
Cóme then, my Katie, to my arms,
  I'll be nae mair a rover,
But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
  And prove a faithful lover.

She. What you deſign by nature's law,
  Is fleeting inclination;
That Willy-Wiſp bewilds us a'
  By its infatuation.
When that gaes out, careſſes tire,
  And love's nae mair in ſeaſon;
Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,
  With all our boaſted reaſon.

He. The beauties of inferior caſt
  May ſtart this juſt reflection;
But charms like thine maun always laſt,
  Where wit has the protection.
Virtue and wit like April rays,
  Make beauty riſe the ſweeter;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
  My love will grow compleater.

SONG.

To *the tune of*, I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

He.

Adieu for a while, my native green plains,
My neareſt relations and neighbouring ſwains;
Dear Nelly, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages while abſent frae thee.

She. Then tell me the reaſon thou do'ſt not obey
The pleading of love, but thus hurries away:
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

He. The reaſon unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an eſtate,
Which lays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

She. Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway,
Then, Johny, be counſell'd nae langer to ſtray;
For while thou proves conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

He. Ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondneſs, which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

Bear witneſs, ye ſtreams, and witneſs, ye flow'rs;
Bear witneſs, ye watchful inviſible pow'rs,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May nothing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

SONG.

To the tune of, We'll a' to Kelſo go.

AND I'll awa to bonny Tweed-ſide,
And ſee my deary come throw,
And he ſall be mine
Gif ſae he incline;
For I hate to lead Apes below.

While young and fair,
I'll make it my care,
To ſecure myſell in a jo;
I'm no ſic a fool,
To let my blood cool,
And ſyne gae lead apes below.

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly perſuade,
Tho' bluſhing, I daftly ſay no;
Gae on with your ſtrain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.

Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow;
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious,
That beauties upon us bestow;
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought,
Or to be set up for a show.

'Tis carry'd by votes,
Come kilt up your coats,
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where she that's bonny
May catch a Johny,
And never lead Apes below.

The Widow.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;
Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late;
To kiss her and clap her ye mauna be blate:
Speak well, and do better; for that's the best gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good skair
Of every thing lovely: she's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What cou'd ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow the bonniest toast in the town,
With nathing but draw in your stool, and sit down,
And sport with the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, and kill her with courtesy dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald;
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

The STEP-DAUGHTER's *Relief.*

To the tune of, The Kird wad let me be.

I WAS anes a well-tocher'd lass,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
My step-dame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor shame,
And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine:
While hungry, haff naked, and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine:
But soon I might hope a revenge,
And soon of my sorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny lass tenderly,
I'll take thee, sweet May, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only yourself that I want;
Your kindness is better to me,
Than a' that your step-mother, scant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the sprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And rowth of good rucks in my yard,
Ye shall have naething to fash ye;
Sax servants shall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiss,
Consented;—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
receiv'd her with mony a kiss.

And now ſhe ſits blythly ſingan,
And joking her drunken ſtep-dame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

The SOGER LADDIE.

MY ſoger laddie is over the ſea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady:
My bleſſing gang with my ſoger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handſome and brave,
And can as a ſoger and lover behave:
True to his country, to love he is ſteady,
There's few to compare with my ſoger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms
Return him with laurels to my langing arms,
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my wiſhes my ſoger ye gi'e me.

O ſoon may his honours bloom fair on his brôw,
As quickly they muſt if he get his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my ſoger laddie.

BONNY CHIRSTY.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green;
Sweet taſte the peach and cherry?
Painting and order pleaſe our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But fineſt colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their charms, and weaker powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of Chirſty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting:
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting!
But if my Chirſty tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with extaſies rejoice
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman.
But dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother,
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chirſty did o'er-hear him:
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her:
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flaug his arms about her.

My Chirſty!—witneſs bonny ſtream,
Sic joys frae tears arifing!
I wiſh this may na be a dream
O love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for tauk,
This point of a' his wiſhes
He wad na with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But wair'd it a' on kiſſes.

The BONNY SCOT, *To the tune of*, The Boatman.

YE gales, that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny Boat—man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot—man.
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate,
Before a faithful lover.

But I loor chuſe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat—man
E'er I cou'd for ſic little ends

Refuſe my bonny Scot—man.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion
Frae greedy views,
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to its paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſom bawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſt on board;
Fair winds and tenty Boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

LOVE *inviting* REASON, *a* Song.

To the tune of, I am aſleep, do not waken me.

WHEN innocent paſtime our pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was ſhe!
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a jee;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy Jamie, wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the ſpleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears frae theſe een,
That look with indifference on poor dying me?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy Jamie, wha doats upon thee.

Ah! ſhou'd a new gowan, or a Flanders-lace head,
Or yet a wee coatie, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,

That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sanny,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be ad mir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at theſe ben niſons promis'd to me:
Rouſe up thy reaſ on, my beautifu' Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me.
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy Jamie, wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka ſweet hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
Ere ſquirrels, or beaus, or ſopp'ry had power,
To rival my love, and impoſe upon thee,
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The Bob *of* Dunblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
For fainneſs, deary, I'll gar ye keckle.
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dunblane.*
Haſte ye, gang to the ground of ye'r trunkies,
Buſk ye braw, and dinna think ſhame:
Conſider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dunblane.*

Be frank, my laſſie, left I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again;
Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle
Ye did na accept of the *Bob of Dunblane.*
The dinner, the piper, and prieſt, ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane;
Away then, leave baith minny and dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dunblane.*

Throw the wood LADDIE.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence cou'd ease me,
When naething can please me;
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lavrocks are singing,
And primroses springing;
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare no to tell;
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning:
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell.
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance sing, and play.

An thou wert my ain Thing.

AN thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sad wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in saft whispers through the night
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
She moves a goddess o'er the green:

Were I a king, thou ſhou'd be queen,
Nane but myſelf aboon thee.
An thou were, &c.

I'd graſp thee to this breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my ſtronger limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
An thou wre, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of no delay,
O! let na ſcorn undo thee.
An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar ſtand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk ſmile thou ſhalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY ſweeteſt May, let love incline thee
T' accept a heart which he deſigns thee,
And as your conſtant ſlave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it;
'Tis proof a ſhot to birth or money,
But yields to what is ſweet or bonny:
Receive it then with a kiſs and ſmily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet theſe lips of thine are!
Thy boſom white and legs ſae fine are,
That when in pools I ſee thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain;
Tho' kith and kin, and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks, leſt they ſhould wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

O my dear laſſie, it is but daffin'
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin:
That na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely;
O ſay, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
ow much unlike that graceſu' mien,
And manly looks of my highland Laddie?

O my bonny, bonny Highland Laddie:
My handſome charming Highland Laddie:
May heaven ſtill guard, and love reward
Our Lawland Laſs and her Highland Laddie.

If I were free at will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt Lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blew and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in borrows town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and dady;
Frae winter's cauld and ſummer's ſun
He'll ſcreen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and ſilken bed,
May pleaſe a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiſs and be as glad
Behind a buſh in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie;
And he ca's me his Lawland laſs;
Syne rows me in his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him; which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerves my Highland laddie,
O my bonny, &c.

The COALIER'*s bonny* LASSIE.

THE Coalier has a daughter,
And O ſhe's wonder bonny;
A laird he was that ſought her
Rich baith in lands and money.
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honeſt lover:
But love is like the ocean;
Wha can its depths diſcover?

He had the art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The coalier's bonny laſſie
Fair as the new blown lily,
Ay ſweet and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond expreſſion
The charms that were about her,
And panted for poſſeſſion;
His life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
Cloſe to his breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny coalier's daughter,
Let naithing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis not your ſcanty tocher
Shall ever make me loſe ye:
For I have gear in plenty,
And love ſays, 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me
Upon your wit and beauty.

COLIN and GRISY parting. *To the Tune of,* Woes my Heart that we ſhou'd ſunder.

WITH broken words and downcaſt eyes,
Poor Colin ſpoke his paſſion tender,
And parting with his Griſy, cries,
Ah! woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy charms I cannot range,
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder,
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit and prudence rare
Shall ſtill be preſent tho' we ſunder.

Dear nymph, believe the ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me tho' we ſunder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that bleſt time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again and never ſunder.

The MILL, MILL——O.

BENEATH a green ſhade I fand a fair maid
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill—*O*,
A' lowing wi' love my fancy did rove,
Around her with good will—*O*;
Her boſom I preſs'd, but ſunk in her reſt,
She ſtirdna my joy to ſpill—*O*:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill—*O*.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and ſkill—*O*;

Frae 'er quietly I ſtaw, hois'd ſails and awa,
For wind blew fair on the hill—*O*.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud frasing fame
Tald me with a voice right ſhill—*O*,
My laſs like a fool had mounted the ſtool *,
Nor kend wha'd done her the ill—*O*.

Mair fond of her charms, with my ſon in her arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell—*O*.
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth ſhe, let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—*O*.
Love gae the command, I took her by the hand,
And bad her a' fears expell—*O*,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed my ſell—*O*.

My bonny ſweet laſs on the gowany graſs,
Beneath the Shilling hill †,—*O*,
If I did offence, I'ſe make ye amends
Before I leave Peggy's Mill—*O*
O the mill, mill—*O*, and the kill, kill—*O*,
And the cogging of the wheel—*O*;
The ſack and the ſive, a' thae ye maun leave,
And round with a ſoger reel—*O*.

To L. L. in mourning. *To the tune of*, Where Helen lyes.

AH! why thoſe tears in Nelly's eyes?
To hear thy tender ſighs and cries,
The gods ſtand liſt'ning from the ſkies,
Pleas'd with thy piety.
To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
Or ſome divinity.

O be leſs graceful, or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,

---

* Viz. of repentance.
† Where they winnow the chaff from the corn.

Caus'd by the boy ſevere and blind,
Wounded I ſigh for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to riſe
To ſuch a height, by Hymen's ties,
To lay me down where Helen lies,
And with thy charms be free.

Then muſt I hide my love and die,
When ſuch a ſov'reign cure is by!
No, ſhe can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my fate may be.
Which ſoon I'll read in her bright eyes;
With thoſe dear agents I'll adviſe,
They tell the truth, when tongues tell lies,
The leaſt believ'd by me.

The CONCLUSION.

After the Manner of HORACE, ad librum ſuum:

DEAR vent'rous book, e'en take thy will,
And ſcowp around the warld thy fill:
Wow! ye're newfangle to be ſeen,
In gilded Turkey clad, and clean.
Daft giddy thing! to dare thy fate,
And ſpang o'er dykes that ſcar the blate:
But mind when anes ye're to the bent,
(Altho' in vain) ye may repent.
Alake, I'm fleed thou aften meet
A gang that will thee ſourly treat,
And ca' thee dull for a' thy pains,
When damps diſtreſs their drouzie braine.
I dinna doubt, whilſt thou art new,
Thou'lt favour find frae not a few;
But when thou'rt ruffl'd and forfairn,
Sair thumb'd by ilka coof or bairn;
Then, then by age ye may grow wiſe,
And ken things common gi'es nae price.
I'd fret, wae's me! to ſee thee lye
Beneath the bottom of a pye;
Or cow'd out page by page, to wrap
Up ſnuff, or ſweeties in a ſhap.
Awa, ſic fears, gae ſpread my fame,
And fix me an immortal name;

Ages to come ſhall thee revive,
And gar thee with honours live.
The future critics I foreſee
Shall have their notes on notes on thee:
The wits unborn ſhall beauties find
That never enter'd in my mind.
Now when thou tells how I was bred
But * hough enough to a mean trade;
To balance that, pray let them ken
My ſaul to higher pitch coü'd ſten:
And when ye ſhaw I'm ſcarce of gear,
Gar a' my virtues ſhine mair clear.
Tell, I the beſt and faireſt pleaſe,
A little man that loo's my eaſe,
And never thole theſe paſſions lang
That rudely mint to do me wrang.
Gin ony want to ken my age,
See *Anno Dom.* † on title page;
This year, when ſprings by care and ſkill
The ſpacious ‡ leaden conduits fill,
And firſt flow'd up the Caſtle-hill;
When South-Sea projects ceaſe to thrive,
And only North-Sea ſeems alive,
Tell them your author's thirty-five.

---

* Hough enough.] Very indifferently.

† See *Anno Dom.*] The firſt edition of his poems was publiſhed in 1720.

‡ The ſpacious, &c.] The new lead pipes for conveying water to Edinburgh, of 4 inches and a half diameter within, and 6--10ths of an inch in thickneſs; all caſt in a mold invented by the ingenious Mr Harding of London.

THE END.